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ABSTRACT

As part of the series of student materials developed by the Environmental Education Project at Florida State University, this volume contains three units for American history, American studies, and American literature courses. Selected readings from literature are presented to help students examine human values about the environment from an historical prespective. Designed for secondary students, each unit begins with an analytical model to test the values and life-style dispositions in the reading selections. The first unit examines six literature selections from colonial and early American history, using a model devoloped by anthropologist Clyde Kluckholm. This model provides an ideational relationship between goals, values, and commitments exhibited in the literature selections. The second unit employs the creative process model of landscape architect, Lawrence Halprin, to examine environmental values from seven literature selections written around the turn of the century. The final unit requires students to analyze life-styles from seven literature selections about the present and future using a set of value-clarification questions. Each unit includes a set of student discussion questions and teaching objectives. (Author/DE)

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FINAL REPORT

Project No. R021079

Grant No. OEG-0-72-5145

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THE ETHICS OF ENVIRONMENTAL CONCERN: A RATIONALE AND PROTOTYPE MATERIALS FOR ENVIRONMENTAL EDUCATION WITHIN THE HUMANISTIC TRADITION

Volume III of Five Volumes

September 30, 1973

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U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, EDUCATION, AND WELFARE
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INTRODUCTION FOR READERS OF THE FINAL REPORT

This volume contains three units for American history, American studies, and/or American literature courses. The Project staff with its concern for environmental values wanted to provide materials which would find their way into the mainstay courses in social studies (American history) and English (American literature). The staff decided to use literature in the materials due to literature's emotion, pathos, and subtleties which would engage students and have an impact on the development of analytical inquiry skills, as well as upon personal value development.

Each unit begins with an analytical model to test out the values and lifestyle dispositions in the reading selections. As students work through the three units, the analytical model becomes more complex and demanding. The model is applicable to the analysis of lifestyles and values in the students' world as well as in literature.

Teachers' reaction to the instructional units was mixed. Middle school teachers found that reading level considerations left them out--and this was by design. Secondary school social studies teachers (teaching civics, American history, geography, etc.) were novices in dealing with environmental education. Their concern was with incorporating environmental education within extant courses, and they saw the literature units as too far a field from the convention. The units, from their perception, demanded too much time away from "covering" various historical periods, regions, and political structures which were the normal topics in texts and for students.

The few social studies teachers in high schools who used the materials reported problems occasioned by reading level, reading length, and trying to teach the units in too rapid a sequence. Thus, it was hard to sustain student interest throughout the series of three units. They reported that the first unit went well. The second contained the most interesting readings and the most useful model. The third unit found the student overwhelmed by the approach!

School systems or teachers electing to use these units should make the following revisions: 1) space the units out during the academic year, so that students study many other topics using other approaches between using the three units; 2) shorten the longer reading selections by skillful editing; 3) control the reading level by editing, by replacing more difficult words, and/or by using vocabulary lists; and 4) consider omitting some reading selections rather than use all of those presently included.

The staff remains convinced that the units, when reworked, will be useful in environmental education. However, teachers must be skilled in using American studies type approaches to classroom instruction.

The three units in this volume are:

1. *AMERICAN LIFESTYLES AND THE ENVIRONMENT: Colonial & Early Republic*
2. *AMERICAN LIFESTYLES AND THE ENVIRONMENT: Swinging into a New Century, 1880-1920*
3. *AMERICAN LIFESTYLES AND THE ENVIRONMENT: Present & Futuristic Lifestyles*

American Lifestyles and the Environment

Prepared by:

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A Talk With Teachers

All that we can predict with certainty is that the central issue of the twenty-first century, as it is of this one, will be the struggle to assert truly human values and to achieve their ascendancy in a mass, technological society. It will be the struggle to place man in a healthy relationship with his natural environment; to place him in command of, rather than subservient to, the wondrous technology he is creating; and to give him the breadth and depth of understanding which can result in the formation of a world culture, embracing and nurturing within its transcending characteristics the diverse cultures of today's world.

-- John I. Goodlad

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The Environmental Education Project
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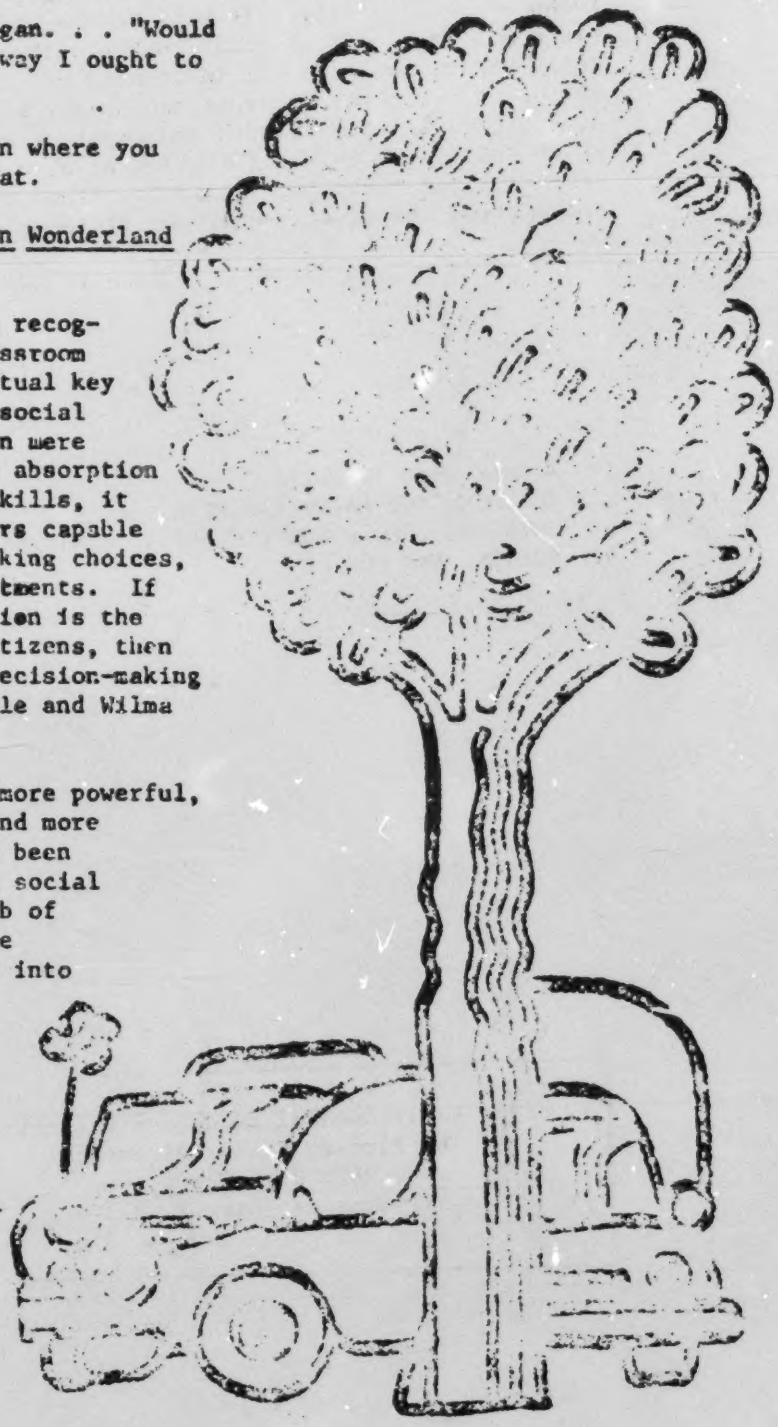
AMERICAN LIFE-STYLES AND THE ENVIRONMENT:

AWARENESS, MEANING, COMMITMENT

"Cheshire-Puss," [Alice] began. . . "Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?"

"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat.

--Lewis Carroll, Alice in Wonderland



Educators have long recognized the importance of classroom decision-making as a conceptual key to effective teaching. If social education is to be more than mere repetition of facts and the absorption of limited data-connected skills, it demands students and teachers capable of advocating positions, making choices, and acting based upon commitments. If the object of social education is the development of effective citizens, then students need to discover decision-making models which as Shirley Engle and Wilma Longstreet observe,

> ...are more consistent, more powerful, more consciously held, and more flexible than would have been possible without [formal social education]. . . . The job of education is to bring the model-making process out into the open and to improve the quality of the models which we use in interpreting new situations.*

The social studies classroom is an ideal place

*Shirley Engle and Wilma Longstreet, Toward an Open Curriculum (New York: Harper & Row, 1972).

to develop such model-building competencies as students confront new social realities and try to make meaning of them. However, where teachers and their students have sought to make meaning of social phenomena and to conduct decision-making activities, they have tended to employ a rational decision-making model, or one of many adaptations. Rational decision-making calls for individuals to establish precisely the goals they want to achieve, lay out the alternative courses of action, predict with reliability the consequences of each alternative, and, then, the decision comes down to a simple choice of that alternative (with its consequences) that gets closest to the desired goal. . . at the least "cost."

A political scientist, Robert A. Dahl, has delineated the rational model in the following terms:*

*Robert A. Dahl, Modern Political Analysis (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1969), pp. 101-102.

The rational decision-making model assumes many things, including our ability, as humans, to make careful predictions and our willingness to pursue specific "goals" over time. More important, it assumes that men live by attained goals, and thus, omits many features of our common humanness from the decisions by which we live our lives. Nowhere does this model raise questions about our wholeness as men--the totality of the enterprise called "life" with its aspirations, meanings, and commitments. It seems to elevate the securing of bread with the living of life, a cost-benefit analysis of securing a used car with an existential decision on one's lifestyle.

Decision-making on the significant issues of life does not first involve questions of "goals" but rather asks "What do we want life to be?"

As Paul Sears observed: *

Living is not a matter of attaining "goals" -- but a matter of learning who we are and, with Alice, knowing where we want to go. These questions yield answers which provide meaning and commitments upon which we as humans may build an enduring life-style. And it is within this framework that the following units involve students in the understanding of alternative life-styles during three broad eras of the American experience.

---- * ----

Considering alternative life-styles with an eye toward environmental education raises special concerns not unrelated to the overemphasis upon rational decision-making. Social studies instruction and environmental education have placed emphasis upon "know-what" (factual knowledge) and "know-how" (intellectual competencies; inquiry skills). But the directing of the human enterprise is more than this. Man must come to grips with problems of value and ultimately with the meaning of his existence. The analytical, detached style of knowing "what" and "how" -- the quest for reliable description, explanation, and prediction -- teaches a skepticism and objectivity for a success-driven, isolated self. It spawns a manipulative mentality; know for what? -- to act, to intervene, to manage and control.

While the technological revolution made man the master and wrought Walt Rostow's "Age of High Mass Consumption," it was at the cost of his humanness in social form and custom. As man dominated nature, he lost his feeling for life.** The tree was a thing -- a resource to be manipulated. The plain was a thing -- to be crossed with a highway, dotted by cloverleaves. The tree was not reality -- but a part of perception which disposed men to act toward it as resource. This stands in stark contrast to the words of a California Indian woman:

* In Paul Shepard and Daniel McKinley, editors, The Subversive Science, (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1969), pp.77-93.

**Myron B. Bloy, Jr., "The Counter Curriculum: A Spiritual Taxonomy of Higher Education," Commonweal, October 3, 1969, pp. 8-12.

***Dorothy Lee, Freedom and Culture (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1959), p.163.

The same view of man in nature is found in the words of Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces:*

The important decisions we live are not the products of "rational decision-making," but the ones through which we establish meaning and commitment in our lives. The Indians' answers to life's existential questions (Who am I? Why do I exist?) were expressed in their life-styles. Our answers in the latter half of the Twentieth Century are also expressed in our lifestyles, and many, many persons have questioned the real meaning of those lifestyles for our survival and our humanness. What do our lifestyles reflect about our answers to these questions?:

What is the innate character of human nature?

What is the relation between man and nature?

What is the temporal focus of human life?

What is the basic modality of human life?

What is man's relationship to other men?

Environmental education must, it seems, invoke such existential questions to engage persons in reflection upon their own meanings and commitments, to inquire on the congruence among meanings and commitments on the one hand, and lifestyle behaviors on the other. This is necessary because the environmental crisis, so much discussed in our time, is basically a moral crisis involving our views of ourselves, our place in nature, and our relations to all living things.

*Dee Brown, Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, (New York: Holt, Rinehart, & Winston, 1970).

The three lifestyle units in this series are designed for American history courses so that students may reflect upon man's relationship with the environment in a very broad, philosophical way. As curriculum designers and teachers we would like each student using the units to confront the lifestyle described in each reading, to feel and experience (empathize) with the central characters in that lifestyle description, to analyze the lifestyles employing the model included in each unit introduction, to interact with their class colleagues (including teachers) in an effort to clarify, reflect, and share responses to each lifestyle, and finally, to turn the meaning and implications back upon themselves, to reflect upon the significance of a lifestyle for self and for one's relationship to the natural world -- body, mind, and milieu. What does the lifestyle imply for personal concerns about identity, self-realization, and one's own creative performance in life and in nature?

> Three basic questions always remain to be raised when considering various lifestyles: What? (awareness, comprehension), So what? (the meaning of it for self, and for others), and Now what? (what should I/others do now?)*

The specific models presented for lifestyle analysis build sequentially from the first to the final units. The first unit employs a model from the works of anthropologist Clyde Kluckholm which shows an ideational relationship between goals, values, and commitments ("ultimate concerns," existential values). The second unit employs a creative process model drawn from the brilliant works of a landscape architect -- Lawrence Halprin, who sees human performance in life as a creative process involving RSVP Cycles (Resources, Valuaction, Scores, and Performance). The final unit employs a set of key questions from a variety of sources, designed specifically for lifestyle analysis for environmental education. Once the students have mastered the models on the readings presented, it is especially appropriate to draw on the list of additional sources in each unit so that individuals or small groups may explore more and diverse lifestyles in that era of time.

UNIT I COLONIAL AND EARLY REPUBLIC

UNIT II SWINGING INTO A NEW CENTURY (1880-1920)

UNIT III PRESENT AND FUTURISTIC LIFESTYLES

*Terry Borton. Reach, Touch, Teach (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1970), p.87.

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-- Lawrence Halprin, R.S.V.P. Cycles, pp.99.

AMERICAN LIFESTYLES AND THE ENVIRONMENT: Volume II

COLONIAL AND EARLY REPUBLIC LIFESTYLES

prepared by

Rodney F. Allen
Daniel M. Ulrich

We need new knowledge, new perceptions, new attitudes....We seek nothing less than a basic reform in the way our society looks at problems and makes decisions.... It is also vital that our entire society develop a new understanding and a new awareness of man's relation to his environment....

-- Richard M. Nixon, 1971

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1. INTRODUCTION: Getting at the Meaning of Lifestyles

> [One] problem with our interpretation of the word "environment" is its comprehensiveness. "Environment" includes everything "from the skin out," according to one witness. In one sense, the breadth of the term "environment" is helpful, for it underlines the fact that we are today concerned with the complex, total system of the planet. In the past, national issues similar to those we now lump together under the environment label were narrower in focus, as indicated by the labels "conservation," "wilderness," and "nature." "Environment" refers to "man and his relationship to all living things," and includes not only the natural world--as we are often inclined to interpret it--but also the man-built world.
>
> Irving Morrisset and Karen B. Wiley, in The Environmental Problem

All life exists in an environment, including our own life as humans. Fortunately or unfortunately, men not only exist in the natural environment but make their own environments from classrooms and bathrooms, to banks and hospitals, to villages and cities. Many writers feel that we as humans have not done a very good job in making our man-made environments and, worse, that we have fouled up the natural environment to such a degree that we now threaten our own survival as men on Spaceship Earth. The air over many of our cities is filthy, adversely affecting the health of citizens. Automobiles and industries spew pollutants into the air, while cities, industries, and farms dispose of wastes at "low cost" by drainage into streams, lakes, and rivers so that the water, upon which all life depends, is threatened. Even the oceans have not been safe from human wastes. Men have ripped at the earth for coal and minerals, scarred the landscape, and wasted natural beauty and other resources. Men have clawed at the earth to build roadways and harbors, dam rivers and erect cities which have become megalopolises.

Meanwhile, in building our own environments, we have often made them without regard to our needs as human beings. Classrooms are boxes. Schools are like egg cartons. Suburban houses are look-alike squares on postage stamp lots, huddled together on land the developer bulldozed clear so he might squeeze more houses upon an acre of land. In our cities, ghettos house many of the nation's poor in crowded conditions which seem to promote

Daddy, what did you do in the war against pollution?

despair and aggression. More affluent workers, sleeping in the suburbs, seem called upon to flood the central city with automobiles each morning, absorbing land in roads and parking lots which might be better spent in parks in playgrounds.

These are but a few of the issues involving the natural and man-made environments in which we live our lives. The key question is: Why do/did these problems arise? How do we explain the behavior of human beings who despoil their own nests? Bar their own happiness? Endanger their own survival? Two quotations may not provide answers, but do indicate the nature and the seriousness of the questions:

Man...knows that the world evolves and that he evolves with it. By changing what he knows about the world, man changes the world that he knows; and by changing the world in which he lives, man changes himself. Changes may be deteriorations or improvements; the hope lies in the possibility that changes resulting from knowledge may also be directed by knowledge....

-- Theodosius Dobzhansky,
Mankind Evolving

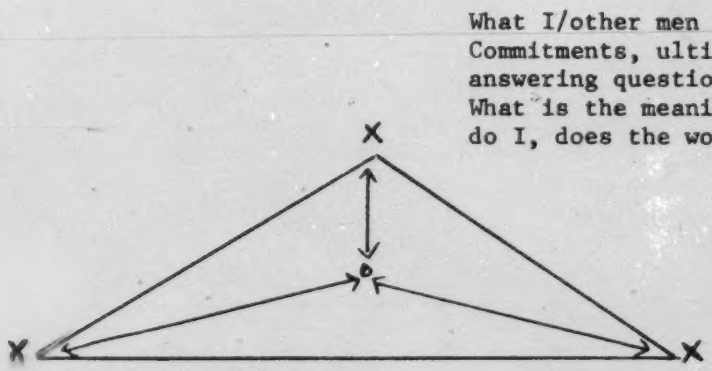
-- Harrison Brown, The Challenge of Man's Future (New York: Viking Press, 1954), p.266.

The environmental crisis and man's survival in times of change seem to hinge upon man's understanding of himself and his ability to shape lifestyles appropriate to survival and to attaining his humanness in both the natural and the man-made environment. Men in various environments have been able to shape lifestyles to survive and to find meaning which defined his humanness in life itself. The Eskimo in the north, the Bushman on a South African desert, the Bedouin in his arid homeland, the man of the tropics, and his brothers in more temperate zones.

But what of man in America? What lifestyles have evolved or have been brought to our continent and what have these lifestyles wrought for man and the land, as they interacted throughout our history? The nomadic Indian on the plains, the Amish farmer tucked in the fertile hills of Pennsylvania, the gold digger rushing to California in two centuries, the industrialist opening factories along New England's rivers, the Southern planter owning both acres and persons, the frontiersman, the sailor, and the tradesman all lived a lifestyle which had its impact on how they built their man-made environment.

This unit offers you an opportunity to analyze several early American lifestyles to learn more about the commitments and human aspirations which affect the lifestyles people have lived and to reflect upon the interaction between lifestyle and the environment--natural and man-made. You are going to seek an answer to the question: Given all of the possible lifestyles which man might choose to live on earth, which are the most consistent with his real interests?

One way to analyze alternative lifestyles from the American past--and in the American present and future--is to draw upon the ideas of an anthropologist, Clyde Kluckholm. Discussing human lifestyles, Kluckholm focuses upon human values. He identifies the goals men pursue in their daily lives, the values they express about what they think they and others ought to do, and the commitments men make that give meaning to life and for which they are willing to give their life.


What I/other men value ultimately. Commitments, ultimate concerns, answering questions of "Who am I? What is the meaning of life? Why do I, does the world exist? etc."
What I/other men want. [Goals]
What I/other men ought to want. [Ideals, Values]

In looking for men's goals, values, and commitments, Kluckholm searches for the consistency between these three factors and for how they are each expressed in human behavior (lifestyle). We are concerned about how these three factors add up in human behavior to a lifestyle and what that lifestyle orientation means for man's dealing with nature and the environment he makes. The following questions will help you analyze the lifestyle descriptions which follow.

What is being described in the reading?	Re-read and make certain you understand the description and its setting in time and place.
What goals are persons pursuing? What are they doing?	Goals may be stated or implied--where you will have to infer possible goals.
What reasons are offered for pursuing these goals or what reasons can you infer?	Again, try to get at the reasons why persons pursue the goals and how you can explain behavior by men's motives, plans, hopes, fears, etc.
What do these goals and the reasons for pursuing them indicate about what the persons value? To what are they committed?	Men don't simply pursue goals, the goals tell us something about their values (what they think they or others ought to do) and the commitments they have at the most ultimate level (Who am I? Why am I here? For what would I give my life?)
If the reading offers information on such ultimate commitments, do you see conflicts among the goals, values, and commitments?	
What are the implications of this lifestyle for man's relationship with nature? for the kinds and quality of man-made environments?	

OK. Let's turn each analysis back on you and your lifestyle. What does each lifestyle mean to you as you live your life? Does it help you live? to understand? to appreciate? to change?

2. ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLES

A. Factory Girls, Charles Dickens

The famous English author, Charles Dickens, travelled to America in the early 19th century and wrote a very controversial book about the Young Republic. In the passage below, he describes the lifestyle of factory girls at Lowell, Massachusetts. Apply the model to both the girls' lifestyle and to Dickens' reactions.

I was met at the station at Lowell by a gentleman intimately connected with the management of the factories there; and gladly putting myself under his guidance, drove off at once to that quarter of the town in which the works, the object of my visit, were situated. Although only just of age —for if my recollection serve me, it has been a manufacturing town barely one-and-twenty years— Lowell is a large, populous, thriving place. Those indications of its youth which first attract the eye, give it a quaintness and oddity of character which, to a visitor from the old country, is amusing enough. It was a very dirty winter's day, and nothing in the whole town looked old to me, except the mud, which in some parts was almost knee-deep, and might have been deposited there, on the subsiding of the waters after the Deluge. In one place, there was a new wooden church, which, having no steeple, and being yet unpainted, looked like an enormous packing-case without any direction upon it. In another there was a large hotel, whose walls and colonnades were so crisp, and thin, and slight, that it had exactly the appearance of being built with cards. I was careful not to draw my breath as we passed, and trembled when I saw a workman come out upon the roof, lest with one thoughtless stamp of his foot he should crush the structure beneath him, and bring it rattling down. The very river that moves the machinery in the mills (for they are all worked by water power), seems to acquire a new character from the fresh buildings of bright red brick and painted wood among which it takes its course; and to be as light-headed, thoughtless, and brisk a young river, in its murmurings and tumblings, as one would desire to see. One would swear that every "Bakery," "Grocery," and "Bookbindery," and other kind of store, took its shutters down for the first time, and started in business yesterday. The golden pestles and mortars fixed as signs upon the sun-blind frames outside the Druggists', appear to have been just turned out of the United States' Mint; and when I saw a baby of some week or ten days old in a woman's arms at a street corner, I found myself unconsciously wondering where it came from: never supposing for an instant that it could have been born in such a young town as that.

There are several factories in Lowell, each of which belongs to what we should term a Company of Proprietors, but what they call in America a Corporation. I went over several of these; such as a woollen factory, a carpet factory, and a cotton factory: examined them in every part; and saw them in their ordinary working aspect, with no preparation of any kind, or departure from their ordinary everyday proceedings. I may add that I am well acquainted with our manufacturing towns in England, and have visited many mills in Manchester and elsewhere in the same manner.

I happened to arrive at the first factory just as the dinner hour was over, and the girls were returning to their work; indeed the stairs of the mill were thronged with them as I ascended. They were all well dressed, but not to my thinking above their condition; for I like to see the humbler classes

* Reprinted from Charles Dickens, American Notes (London: Oxford University Press, 1957), pp. 65-70.

of society careful of their dress and appearance, and even, if they please, decorated with such little trinkets as come within the compass of their means. Supposing it confined within reasonable limits, I would always encourage this kind of pride, as a worthy element of self-respect, in any person I employed; and should no more be deterred from doing so, because some wretched female referred her fall to a love of dress, than I would allow my construction of the real intent and meaning of the Sabbath to be influenced by any warning to the well-disposed, founded on his backslidings on that particular day, which might emanate from the rather doubtful authority of a murderer in Newgate.

These girls, as I have said, were all well dressed: and that phrase necessarily includes extreme cleanliness. They had serviceable bonnets, good warm cloaks, and shawls; and were not above clogs and pattens. Moreover, there were places in the mill in which they could deposit these things without injury; and there were conveniences for washing. They were healthy in appearance, many of them remarkably so, and had the manners and deportment of young women: not of degraded brutes of burden. If I had seen in one of those mills (but I did not, though I looked for something of this kind with a sharp eye), the most lisping, mincing, affected, and ridiculous young creature that my imagination could suggest, I should have thought of the careless, moping, slatternly, degraded, dull reverse (I *have* seen that), and should have been still well pleased to look upon her.

The rooms in which they worked, were as well ordered as themselves. In the windows of some, there were green plants, which were trained to shade the glass; in all, there was as much fresh air, cleanliness, and comfort, as the nature of the occupation would possibly admit of. Out of so large a number of females, many of whom were only then just verging upon womanhood, it may be reasonably supposed that some were delicate and fragile in appearance: no doubt there were. But I solemnly declare, that from all the crowd I saw in the different factories that day, I cannot recall or separate one young face that gave me a painful impression; not one young girl whom, assuming it to be matter of necessity that she should gain her daily bread by the labour of her hands, I would have removed from those works if I had had the power.

They reside in various boarding-houses near at hand. The owners of the mills are particularly careful to allow no persons to enter upon the possession of these houses, whose characters have not undergone the most searching and thorough inquiry. Any complaint that is made against them, by the boarders, or by any one else, is fully investigated; and if good ground of complaint be shown to exist against them, they are removed, and their occupation is handed over to some more deserving person. There are a few children employed in these factories, but not many. The laws of the State forbid their working more than nine months in the year, and require that they be educated during the other three. For this purpose there are schools in Lowell; and there are churches and chapels of various persuasions, in which the young women may observe that form of worship in which they have been educated.

At some distance from the factories, and on the highest and pleasantest ground in the neighbourhood, stands their hospital, or boarding-house for the sick: it is the best house in those parts, and was built by an eminent merchant for his own residence. Like that institution at Boston, which I have before described, it is not parcelled out into wards, but is divided into convenient chambers, each of which has all the comforts of a very comfortable home. The principal medical attendant resides under the same roof; and were the patients members of his own family, they could not be better cared for, or attended with greater gentleness and consideration. The weekly charge in this establishment for each female patient is three dollars, or twelve shillings English; but no girl employed by any of the corporations is ever excluded for want of the means of payment. That

from the fact, that in July, 1841, no fewer than nine hundred and seventy-eight of these girls were depositors in the Lowell Savings Bank: the amount of whose joint savings was estimated at one hundred thousand dollars, or twenty thousand English pounds.

I am now going to state three facts, which will startle a large class of readers on this side of the Atlantic, very much.

Firstly, there is a joint-stock piano in a great many of the boarding-houses. Secondly, nearly all these young ladies subscribe to circulating libraries. Thirdly, they have got up among themselves a periodical called THE LOWELL OFFERING, "A repository of original articles, written exclusively by females actively employed in the mills,"—which is duly printed, published, and sold; and whereof I brought away from Lowell four hundred good solid pages, which I have read from beginning to end.

The large class of readers, startled by these facts, will exclaim, with one voice, "How very preposterous!" On my deferentially inquiring why, they will answer, "These things are above their station." In reply to that objection, I would beg to ask what their station is.

It is their station to work. And they *do* work. They labour in these mills, upon an average, twelve hours a day, which is unquestionably work, and pretty tight work too. Perhaps it is above their station to indulge in such amusements, on any terms. Are we quite sure that we in England have not formed our ideas of the "station" of working people, from accustoming ourselves to the contemplation of that class as they are, and not as they might be? I think that if we examine our own feelings, we shall find that the pianos, and the circulating libraries, and even the Lowell Offering, startle us by their novelty, and not by their bearing upon any abstract question of right or wrong.

For myself, I know no station in which, the occupation of to-day cheerfully done and the occupation of to-morrow cheerfully looked to, any one of these pursuits is not most humanising and laudable. I know no station which is rendered more endurable to the person in it, or more safe to the person out of it, by having ignorance for its associate. I know no station which has a right to monopolise the means of mutual instruction, improvement, and rational entertainment; or which has ever continued to be a station very long, after seeking to do so.

Of the merits of the Lowell Offering as a literary production, I will only observe, putting entirely out of sight the fact of the articles having been written by these girls after the arduous labours of the day, that it will compare advantageously with a great many English Annuals. It is pleasant to find that many of its Tales are of the Mills and of those who work in them; that they inculcate habits of self-denial and contentment, and teach good doctrines of enlarged benevolence. A strong feeling for the beauties of nature, as displayed in the solitudes the writers have left at home, breathes through its pages like wholesome village air; and though a circulating library is a favourable school for the study of such topics, it has very scant allusion to fine clothes, fine marriages, fine houses, or fine life. Some persons might object to the papers being signed occasionally with rather fine names, but this is an American fashion. One of the provinces of the state legislature of Massachusetts is to alter ugly names into pretty ones, as the children improve upon the tastes of their parents. These changes costing little or nothing, scores of Mary Annes are solemnly converted into Bevelinas every session.

It is said that on the occasion of a visit from General Jackson or General Harrison to this town (I forget which, but it is not to the purpose), he walked through three miles and a half of these young ladies all dressed out with parasols and silk stockings. But as I am not aware that any worse consequence ensued, than a sudden looking-up of all the parasols and silk stockings in the market; and perhaps the

bankruptcy of some speculative New Englander who bought them all up at any price, in expectation of a demand that never came; I set no great store by the circumstance.

In this brief account of Lowell, and inadequate expression of the gratification it yielded me, and cannot fail to afford to any foreigner to whom the condition of such people at home is a subject of interest and anxious speculation, I have carefully abstained from drawing a comparison between these factories and those of our own land. Many of the circumstances whose strong influence has been at work for years in our manufacturing towns have not arisen here; and there is no manufacturing population in Lowell, so to speak: for these girls (often the daughters of small farmers) come from other States, remain a few years in the mills, and then go home for good.

The contrast would be a strong one, for it would be between the Good and Evil, the living light and deepest shadow. I abstain from it, because I deem it just to do so. But I only the more earnestly adjure all those whose eyes may rest on these pages, to pause and reflect upon the difference between this town and those great haunts of desperate misery: to call to mind, if they can in the midst of party strife and squabble, the efforts that must be made to purge them of their suffering and danger: and last, and foremost, to remember how the precious Time is rushing by.

B. Queequeg, the Harpooner, Herman Melville

One of the most fascinating characters in Herman Melville's Moby Dick is Queequeg, the harpooner, a tatooed "pagan" who could drive his steel point true to its mark. In the passage below, Queequeg has come upon troubled times. Apply the model to his and to his fellows goals, values, and commitments. Relate these to man's relationship to the natural world.

UPON searching, it was found that the casks last struck into the hold were perfectly sound, and that the leak must be further off. So, it being calm weather, they broke out deeper and deeper, disturbing the slumbers of the huge ground-tier butts; and from that black midnight sending those gigantic moles into the daylight above. So deep did they go; and so ancient, and corroded, and weedy the aspect of the lowermost puncheons, that you almost looked next for some mouldy corner-stone cask containing coins of Captain Noah, with copies of the posted placards, vainly warning the infatuated old world from the flood. Tierce after tierce, too, of water, and bread, and beef, and shooks of staves, and iron bundles of hoops, were hoisted out, till at last the piled decks were hard to get about; and the hollow hull echoed underfoot, as if you were treading over empty catacombs, and reeled and rolled in the sea like an air-freighted demijohn. Top-heavy was the ship as a dinnerless student with all Aristotle in his head. Well was it that the Typhoons did not visit them then.

Now, at this time it was that my poor pagan companion, and fast bosom-friend, Queequeg, was seized with a fever, which brought him nigh to his endless end.

Be it said, that in this vocation of whaling, sinecures are unknown; dignity and danger go hand in hand; till you get to be Captain, the higher you rise the harder you toil. So with poor Queequeg, who, as harpooneer, must not only face all the rage of the living whale, but—as we have elsewhere seen—mount his dead back in a rolling sea; and finally descend into the gloom of the hold, and bitterly sweating all day in that subterraneous confinement, resolutely manhandle the clumsiest casks and see to their stowage. To be short, among whalemen, the harpooneers are the holders, so called.

Poor Queequeg! when the ship was about half disembowelled, you should have stooped over the hatchway, and peered down upon him there; where, stripped to his woollen drawers, the tattooed savage was crawling about amid that dampness and slime, like a green spotted lizard at the bottom of a well. And a well, or an ice-house, it somehow proved to him, poor pagan; where, strange to say, for all the heat of his sweatings, he caught a terrible

* Reprinted from Herman Melville, Moby Dick (New York: Holt,Rinehart & Winston,Inc., 1964), pp. 517-523.

chill which lapsed into a fever; and at last, after some days' suffering, laid him in his hammock, close to the very sill of the door of death. How he wasted and wasted away in those few long-lingering days, till there seemed but little left of him but his frame and tattooing. But as all else in him thinned, and his cheek-bones grew sharper, his eyes, nevertheless, seemed growing fuller and fuller; they became of a strange softness of lustre; and mildly but deeply looked out at you there from his sickness, a wondrous testimony to that immortal health in him which could not die, or be weakened. And like circles on the water, which, as they grow fainter, expand; so his eyes seemed rounding and rounding, like the rings of Eternity. An awe that cannot be named would steal over you as you sat by the side of this waning savage, and saw as strange things in his face, as any beheld who were bystanders when Zoroaster died. For whatever is truly wondrous and fearful in man, never yet was put into words or books. And the drawing near of Death, which alike levels all, alike impresses all with a last revelation, which only an author from the dead could adequately tell. So that—let us say it again—no dying Chaldee or Greek had higher and holier thoughts than those, whose mysterious shades you saw creeping over the face of poor Queequeg, as he quietly lay in his swaying hammock, and the rolling sea seemed gently rocking him to his final rest, and the ocean's invisible flood-tide lifted him higher and higher towards his destined heaven.

Not a man of the crew but gave him up; and, as for Queequeg himself, what he thought of his case was forcibly shown by a curious favor he asked. He called one to him in the gray morning watch, when the day was just breaking, and taking his hand, said that while in Nantucket he had chanced to see certain little canoes of dark wood, like the rich war-wood of his native isle; and upon inquiry, he had learned that all whalemen who died in Nantucket were laid in those same dark canoes, and that the fancy of being so laid had much pleased him; for it was not unlike the custom of his own race, who, after embalming a dead warrior, stretched him out in his canoe, and so left him to be floated away to the starry archipelagoes; for not only do they believe that the stars are isles, but that far beyond all visible horizons, their own mild, uncontinented seas, interflow with the blue heavens; and so form the white breakers of the milky way. He added, that he shuddered at the thought of being buried in his hammock, according to the usual sea-custom, tossed like something vile to the death-devouring sharks. No: he desired a canoe like those of Nantucket, all the more congenial to him, being a whaleman, that like a whale-boat these coffin-canoes were without a keel; though that involved but uncertain steering, and much leeway adown the dim ages.

Now, when this strange circumstance was made known aft, the carpenter was at once commanded to do Queequeg's bidding, whatever it might include. There was some heathenish, coffin-colored old lumber aboard, which, upon a long previous voyage, had been cut from the aboriginal groves of the Lackaday islands, and from these dark planks the coffin was recommended to be made. No sooner was the carpenter apprised of the order, than taking his rule, he forthwith with all the indifferent promptitude of his

character, proceeded into the forecastle and took Queequeg's measure with great accuracy, regularly chalking Queequeg's person as he shifted the rule.

"Ah! poor fellow! he'll have to die now!" ejaculated the Long Island sailor.

Going to his vice-bench, the carpenter for convenience sake and general reference, now transferringly measured on it the exact length the coffin was to be, and then made the transfer permanent by cutting two notches at its extremities. This done, he marshalled the planks and his tools, and to work.

When the last nail was driven, and the lid duly planed and fitted, he lightly shouldered the coffin and went forward with it, inquiring whether they were ready for it yet in that direction.

Overhearing the indignant but half-humorous cries with which the people on deck began to drive the coffin away, Queequeg, to every one's consternation, commanded that the thing should be instantly brought to him, nor was there any denying him; seeing that, of all mortals, some dying men are the most tyrannical; and certainly, since they will shortly trouble us so little for evermore, the poor fellows ought to be indulged.

Leaning over in his hammock, Queequeg long regarded the coffin with an attentive eye. He then called for his harpoon, had the wooden stock drawn from it, and then had the iron part placed in the coffin along with one of the paddles of his boat. All by his own request, also, biscuits were then ranged round the sides within: a flask of fresh water was placed at the head, and a small bag of woody earth scraped up in the hold at the foot; and a piece of sail-cloth being rolled up for a pillow, Queequeg now entreated to be lifted into his final bed, that he might make trial of its comforts, if any it had. He lay without moving a few minutes, then told one to go to his bag and bring out his little god, Yojo. Then crossing his arms on his breast with Yojo between, he called for the coffin lid (hatch he called it) to be placed over him. The head part turned over with a leather hinge, and there lay Queequeg in his coffin with little but his composed countenance in view. "Rarmai" (it will do; it is easy), he murmured at last, and signed to be replaced in his hammock.

But ere this was done, Pip, who had been slily hovering near by all this while, drew nigh to him where he lay, and with soft sobbings, took him by the hand; in the other, holding his tambourine.

"Poor rover! will ye never have done with all this weary roving? where go ye now? But if the currents carry ye to those sweet Antilles where the beaches are only beat with water-lilies, will ye do one little errand for me? Seek out one Pip, who's now been missing long: I think he's in those far Antilles. If ye find him, then comfort him; for he must be very sad; for look! he's left his tambourine behind;—I found it. Rig-a-dig, dig, dig! Now, Queequeg, die; and I'll beat ye your dying march."

"I have heard," murmured Starbuck, gazing down the scuttle, "that in violent fevers, men, all ignorance, have talked in ancient tongues; and that when the mystery is probed, it turns out always that in their wholly forgotten childhood those ancient tongues had been really spoken in their hearing by some lofty scholars. So, to my fond faith, poor Pip, in this strange sweetness of his lunacy, brings heavenly vouchers of all our heavenly homes. Where learned he that, but there?—Hark! he speaks again: but more wildly now."

"Form two and two! Let's make a General of him! Ho, where's his harpoon? Lay it across here.—Rig-a-dig, dig, dig! huzza! Oh, for a game cock now to sit upon his head and crow! Queequeg dies game!—mind ye that; Queequeg dies game!—take ye good heed of that; Queequeg dies game! I say; game, game, game! but base little Pip, he died a coward; died all a-shiver;—out upon Pip! Hark ye; if ye find Pip, tell all the Antilles he's a runaway; a coward, a coward, a coward! Tell them he jumped from a whale-boat! I'd never beat my tambourine over base Pip, and hail him General, if he were once more dying here. No, no! shame upon all cowards—shame upon them! Let 'em go drown like Pip, that jumped from a whale-boat. Shame! shame!"

During all this, Queequeg lay with closed eyes, as if in a dream. Pip was led away, and the sick man was replaced in his hammock.

But now that he had apparently made every preparation for death; now that his coffin was proved a good fit, Queequeg suddenly rallied; soon there seemed no need of the carpenter's box: and thereupon, when some expressed their delighted surprise, he, in substance, said, that the cause of his sudden convalescence was this;—at a critical moment, he had just recalled a little duty ashore, which he was leaving undone; and therefore had changed his mind about dying: he could not die yet, he averred. They asked him, then, whether to live or die was a matter of his own sovereign will and pleasure. He answered, certainly. In a word, it was Queequeg's conceit, that if a man made up his mind to live, mere sickness could not kill him: nothing but a whale, or a gale, or some violent, ungovernable, unintelligent destroyer of that sort.

Now, there is this noteworthy difference between savage and civilized; that while a sick, civilized man may be six months convalescing, generally speaking, a sick savage is almost half-well again in a day. So, in good time my Queequeg gained strength; and at length after sitting on the windlass for a few indolent days (but eating with a vigorous appetite) he suddenly leaped to his feet, threw out his arms and legs, gave himself a good stretching, yawned a little bit, and then springing into the head of his hoisted boat, and poising a harpoon, pronounced himself fit for a fight.

With a wild whimsiness, he now used his coffin for a sea-chest; and emptying into it his canvas bag of clothes, set them in order there. Many spare hours he spent, in carving the lid with all manner of grotesque figures and drawings; and it seemed that hereby he was striving, in his rude way, to copy parts of the twisted tattooing on his body. And this tattooing had been the work of a departed prophet and seer of his island, who, by those hieroglyphic marks, had written out on his body a complete theory of the heavens and the earth, and a mystical treatise on the art of attaining truth; so that Queequeg in his own proper person was a riddle to unfold; a wondrous work in one volume; but whose mysteries not even himself could read, though his own live heart beat against them; and these mysteries were therefore destined in the end to moulder away with the living parchment whereon they were inscribed, and so be unsolved to the last. And this thought it must have been which suggested to Ahab that wild exclamation of his, when one morning turning away from surveying poor Queequeg—"Oh, devilish tantalization of the gods!"

C. Thoreau: Walden Pond and the Maine Woods

"I was born," Thoreau wrote, "in the most favored spot on earth — and just in the nick of time too." Henry David Thoreau's spot was Concord, Massachusetts, and his time of birth was 1817. After attending Harvard College, Thoreau worked in Concord as a handyman and wrote until his death in 1862. Today, his writings are widely read, and his lifestyle his the subject of study and discussion.

The several passages reprinted below are taken from his Walden--relating his experiences on the banks of Walden Pond, withdrawn from Concord society, and from his Maine Woods — offering his reflections upon travels in a natural setting which was just beginning to feel "civilization."

> When I first took up my abode in the woods, that is, began to spend my nights as well as days there, which, by accident, was on Independence day, or the fourth of July, 1845, my house was not finished for winter, but was merely a defence against the rain, without plastering or chimney, the walls being of rough weather-stained boards, with wide chinks, which made it cool at night. The upright white hewn studs and freshly planed door and window casings gave it a clean and airy look, especially in the morning, when its timbers were saturated with dew, so that I fancied that by noon some sweet gum would exude from them. To my imagination it retained throughout the day more or less of this auroral character, reminding me of a certain house on a mountain which I had visited the year before. This was an airy and unplastered cabin, fit to entertain a travelling god, and where a goddess might trail her garments. The winds which passed over my dwelling were such as sweep over the ridges of mountains, bearing the broken strains, or celestial parts only, of terrestrial music. The morning wind forever blows, the poem of creation is uninterrupted; but few are the ears that hear it. Olympus is but the outside of the earth every where.
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> The only house I had been the owner of before, if I except a boat, was a tent, which I used occasionally when making excursions in the summer, and this is still rolled up in my garret; but the boat, after passing from hand to hand, has gone down the stream of time. With this more substantial shelter about me, I had made some progress toward settling in the world. This frame, so slightly clad, was a sort of crystallization around me, and reacted on the builder. It was suggestive somewhat as a picture in outlines. I did not need to go out doors to take the air, for the atmosphere within had lost none of its freshness. It was not so much within doors as behind a door where I sat, even in the

* Reprinted from Joseph Wood Krutch, editor, Thoreau: Walden and Other Writings (New York: Bantam Books, Inc., 1962), pp. 168-169, 178, 346, 348-349, 403-405.

rainiest weather. The Harivansa says, "An abode without birds is like a meat without seasoning." Such was not my abode, for I found myself suddenly neighbor to the birds; not by having imprisoned one, but having caged myself near them. I was not only nearer to some of those which commonly frequent the garden and the orchard, but to those wilder and more thrilling songsters of the forest which never, or rarely, serenade a villager,—the wood-thrush, the veery, the scarlet tanager, the field-sparrow, the whippoorwill, and many others. . . .

Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains. I would drink deeper; fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars. I cannot count one. I know not the first letter of the alphabet. I have always been regretting that I was not as wise as the day I was born. The intellect is a cleaver; it discerns and rifts its way into the secret of things. I do not wish to be any more busy with my hands than is necessary. My head is hands and feet. I feel all my best faculties concentrated in it. My instinct tells me that my head is an organ for burrowing, as some creatures use their snout and forepaws, and with it I would mine and burrow my way through these hills. I think that the richest vein is somewhere hereabouts; so by the divining rod and thin rising vapors I judge; and here I will begin to mine. . . .

No face which we can give to a matter will stead us so well at last as the truth. This alone wears well. For the most part, we are not where we are, but in a false position. Through an infirmity of our natures, we suppose a case, and put ourselves into it, and hence are in two cases at the same time, and it is doubly difficult to get out. In sane moments we regard only the facts, the case that is. Say what you have to say, not what you ought. Any truth is better than make-believe. Tom Hyde, the tinker, standing on the gallows, was asked if he had any thing to say. "Tell the tailors," said he, "to remember to make a knot in their thread before they take the first stitch." His companion's prayer is forgotten.

However mean your life is, meet it and live it; do not shun it and call it hard names. It is not so bad as you are. It looks poorest when you are richest. The fault-finder will find faults even in paradise. Love your life, poor as it is. You may perhaps have some pleasant, thrilling, glorious hours, even in a poor-house. The setting sun is reflected from the windows of the alms-house as brightly as from the rich man's abode; the snow melts before its door as early in the spring. . . .

Rather than love, than money, than fame, give me truth. I sat at a table where were rich food and wine in abundance, and obsequious attendance, but sincerity and truth were not; and I went away hungry from the inhospitable board. The hospitality was as cold as the ices. I thought that there was no need of ice to freeze them. They talked to me of the age of the wine and the fame of the vintage; but I thought of an older, a newer, and purer wine, of a more glorious vintage, which they had not got, and could not buy. The style, the house and grounds and "entertainment" pass for nothing with me. I called on the king, but he made me wait in his hall, and conducted like a man incapacitated for hospitality. There was a man in my neighborhood who lived in a hollow tree. His manners were truly regal. I should have done better had I called on him.

How long shall we sit in our porticoes practising idle and musty virtues, which any work would make impertinent? As if one were to begin the day with long-suffering, and hire a man to hoe his potatoes; and in the afternoon go forth to practice Christian meekness and charity with goodness aforethought! Consider the China pride and stagnant

self-complacency of mankind. This generation reclines a little to congratulate itself on being the last of an illustrious line; and in Boston and London and Paris and Rome, thinking of its long descent, it speaks of its progress in art and science and literature with satisfaction. There are the Records of the Philosophical Societies, and the public Eulogies of *Great Men!* It is the good Adam contemplating his own virtue. "Yes, we have done great deeds, and sung divine songs, which shall never die,"—that is, as long as *we* can remember them. The learned societies and great men of Assyria,—where are they? What youthful philosophers and experimentalists we are! There is not one of my readers who has yet lived a whole human life. These may be but the spring months in the life of the race. If we have had the seven-years' itch, we have not seen the seventeen-year locust yet in Concord. We are acquainted with a mere pellicle of the globe on which we live. Most have not delved six feet beneath the surface, nor leaped as many above it. We know not where we are. Beside, we are sound asleep nearly half our time. Yet we esteem ourselves wise, and have an established order on the surface. Truly, we are deep thinkers, we are ambitious spirits! As I stand over the insect crawling amid the pine needles on the forest floor, and endeavoring to conceal itself from my sight, and ask myself why it will cherish those humble thoughts, and hide its head from me who might, perhaps, be its benefactor, and impart to its race some cheering information, I am reminded of the greater Benefactor and Intelligence that stands over me the human insect. . . .

We were now fairly on the Allegash River, which name our Indian said meant hemlock bark. These waters flow northward about one hundred miles, at first very feebly, then southeasterly two hundred and fifty more to the Bay of Fundy. After perhaps two miles of river, we entered Heron Lake, called on the map *Pongokwahem*, scaring up forty or fifty young *shecorways*, sheldrakes, at the entrance, which ran over the water with great rapidity, as usual in a long line.

This was the fourth great lake, lying northwest and southeast, like Chesuncook and most of the long lakes in that neighborhood, and, judging from the map, it is about ten miles long. We had entered it on the southwest side, and saw a dark mountain northeast over the lake, not very far off nor high, which the Indian said was called Peaked Mountain, and used by explorers to look for timber from. There was also some other high land more easterly. The shores were in the same ragged and unsightly condition, encumbered with dead timber, both fallen and standing, as in the last lake, owing to the dam on the Allegash below. Some low points or islands were almost drowned.

I saw something white a mile off on the water, which turned out to be a great gull on a rock in the middle, which the Indian would have been glad to kill and eat, but it flew away long before we were near; and also a flock of summer ducks that were about the rock with it. I asking him about herons, since this was Heron Lake, he said that he found the blue heron's nests in the hardwood trees. I thought that I saw a light-colored object move along the opposite or northern shore, four or five miles distant. He did not know what it could be, unless it were a moose, though he had never seen a white one; but he said that he could distinguish a moose "anywhere on shore, clear across the lake."

Rounding a point, we stood across a bay for a mile and a half or two miles, toward a large island, three or four miles down the lake. We met with ephemeræ (shad-fly) midway, about a mile from the shore, and they evidently fly over the whole lake. On Moosehead I had seen a large devil's-needle half a mile from the shore, coming from the middle of the lake, where it was three or four miles wide at least. It had probably crossed. But at last, of course, you come to lakes

so large that an insect cannot fly across them; and this, perhaps, will serve to distinguish a large lake from a small one.

We landed on the southeast side of the island, which was rather elevated and densely wooded, with a rocky raising their broad surfaces many feet; Moosehead, for instance, some forty miles long, with its steamer on it; thus turning the forces of nature against herself, that they might float their spoils out of the country. They rapidly run out of these immense forests all the finer, and more accessible pine timber, and then leave the bears to watch the decaying dams, not clearing nor cultivating the land, nor making roads, nor building houses, but leaving it a wilderness as they found it. In many parts, only these dams remain, like deserted beaver-dams. Think how much land they have flowed, without asking Nature's leave! When the State wishes to endow an academy or university, it grants it a tract of forest land: one saw represents an academy; a gang, a university.

The wilderness experiences a sudden rise of all her streams and lakes. She feels ten thousand vermin gnawing at the base of her noblest trees. Many combining drag them off, jarring over the roots of the survivors, and tumble them into the nearest stream, till, the fairest having fallen, they scamper off to ransack some new wilderness, and all is still again. It is as when a migrating army of mice girdles a forest of pines. The chopper fells trees from the same motive that the mouse gnaws them,—to get his living. You tell me that he has a more interesting family than the mouse. That is as it happens. He speaks of a "berth" of timber, a good place for him to get into, just as a worm might. When the chopper would praise a pine, he will commonly tell you that the one he cut was so big that a yoke of oxen stood on its stump; as if that were what the pine had grown for, to become the footstool of oxen. In my mind's eye, I can see these unwieldy tame deer, with a yoke binding them together, and brazen-tipped horns betraying their servitude, taking their stand on the stump of each giant pine in succession throughout this whole forest, and chewing their cud there, until it is nothing but an ox-pasture, and run out at that. As if it were good for the oxen, and some terebinthine or other medicinal quality ascended into their nostrils. Or is their elevated position intended merely as a symbol of the fact that the pastoral comes next in order to the sylvan or hunter life?

The character of the logger's admiration is betrayed by his very mode of expressing it. If he told all that was in his mind, he would say, it was so big that I cut it down and then a yoke of oxen could stand on its stump. He admires the log, the carcass or corpse, more than the tree. Why, my dear sir, the tree might have stood on its own stump, and a great deal more comfortably and firmly than a yoke of oxen can, if you had not cut it down. What right have you to celebrate the virtues of the man you murdered?

The Anglo-American can indeed cut down, and grub up all this waving forest, and make a stump speech, and vote for Buchanan on its ruins, but he cannot converse with the spirit of the tree he fells, he cannot read the poetry and mythology which retire as he advances. He ignorantly erases mythological tablets in order to print his handbills and town-meeting warrants on them.

D. Francis Parkman's Oregon Trail —With Buffalo

Following his graduation from Harvard College, Francis Parkman set out upon a journey through the West in 1846. He published an eye-witness acount of his own adventure and of the frontier. Soon after leaving St. Louis, Parkman experienced the open prairie and its buffalo. In the passage reprinted below, Parkman and his fellow Easterner, Quincy Adams Shaw, relieve boredom by attacking a buffalo.

"Buffalo! buffalo!" It was but a grim old bull, roaming the prairie by himself in misanthropic seclusion; but there might be more behind the hills. Dreading the monotony and languor of the camp, Shaw and I saddled our horses, buckled our holsters in their places, and set out with Henry Chatillon in search of the game. Henry, not in ending to take part in the chase, but merely conducting us, carried his rifle with him, while we left ours behind as incumbrances. We rode for some five or six miles, and saw no living thing but wolves, snakes, and prairie-dogs.

"This won't do at all," said Shaw.

"What won't do?"

"There's no wood about here to make a litter for the wounded man: I have an idea that one of us will need something of the sort before the day is over."

There was some foundation for such an idea, for the ground was none of the best for a race, and grew worse continually as we proceeded; indeed, it soon became desperately bad, consisting of abrupt hills and deep hollows, cut by frequent ravines not easy to pass. At length, a mile in advance, we saw a band of bulls. Some were scattered grazing over a green declivity, while the rest were crowded together in the wide hollow below. Making a circuit, to keep out of sight, we rode towards them, until we ascended a hill, within a furlong of them, beyond which nothing intervened that could possibly screen us from their view. We dismounted behind the ridge, just out of sight, drew our saddle-girths, examined our pistols, and mounting again, rode over the hill, and descended at a canter towards them, bending close to our horses' necks. Instantly they took the alarm: those on the hill descended, those below gathered into a mass, and the whole got into motion, shouldering each other along at a clumsy gallop. We followed, spurring our horses to full speed; and as the herd rushed, crowding and tramping in terror through an opening in the hills, we were close at their heels, half suffocated by the clouds of dust. But as we drew near, their alarm and speed increased; our horses, being new to the work, showed signs of the utmost fear, bounding violently aside as we approached, and refusing to enter among the herd. The buffalo now broke into several small bodies, scampering over the hills in different directions, and I lost sight of Shaw; neither of us knew where the other had gone. Old Pontiac ran like a frantic elephant up hill and down hill, his ponderous hoofs striking the prairie like sledge-hammers. He showed a curious mixture of eagerness and terror, straining to overtake the panic-stricken herd, but constantly recoiling in dismay as we drew near. The fugitives, indeed, offered no very attractive spectacle, with

* Reprinted from Francis Parkman, The Oregon Trail (New York: Mentor Books, 1950), pp. 58-63.

their shaggy manes and the tattered remnants of their last winter's hair covering their backs in irregular shreds and patches, and flying off in the wind as they ran. At length I urged my horse close behind a bull, and after trying in vain, by blows and spurring, to bring him alongside, I fired from this disadvantageous position. At the report Pontiac swerved so much that I was again thrown a little behind the game. The bullet, entering too much in the rear, failed to disable the bull; for a buffalo requires to be shot at particular points, or he will certainly escape. The herd ran up a hill, and I followed in pursuit. As Pontiac rushed headlong down on the other side, I saw Shaw and Henry descending the hollow on the right, at a leisurely gallop; and in front, the buffalo were just disappearing behind the crest of the next hill, their short tails erect, and their hoofs twinkling through a cloud of dust.

At that moment I heard Shaw and Henry shouting to me; but the muscles of a stronger arm than mine could not have checked at once the furious course of Pontiac, whose mouth was as insensible as leather. Added to this, I rode him that morning with a snaffle, having the day before, for the benefit of my other horse, unbuckled from my bridle the curb which I commonly used. A stronger and hardier brute never trod the prairie; but the novel sight of the buffalo filled him with terror, and when at full speed he was almost incontrollable. Gaining the top of the ridge, I saw nothing of the buffalo; they had all vanished amid the intricacies of the hills and hollows. Reloading my pistols, in the best way I could, I galloped on until I saw them again scuttling along at the base of the hill, their panic somewhat abated. Down went old Pontiac among them, scattering them to the right and left; and then we had another long chase. About a dozen bulls were before us, scouring over the hills, rushing down declivities with tremendous weight and impetuosity, and then laboring with a weary gallop upward. Still Pontiac, in spite of spurring and beating, would not close with them. One bull at length fell a little behind the rest, and by dint of much effort, I urged my horse within six or eight yards of his side. His back was darkened with sweat: he was panting heavily, while his tongue lolled out a foot from his jaws. Gradually I came up abreast of him, urging Pontiac with leg and rein nearer to his side, when suddenly he did what buffalo in such circumstances will always do: he slackened his gallop, and turning towards us, with an aspect of mingled rage and distress, lowered his huge, shaggy head for a charge. Pontiac, with a snort, leaped aside in terror, nearly throwing me to the ground, as I was wholly unprepared for such an evolution. I raised my pistol in a passion to strike him on the head, but thinking better of it, fired the bullet after the bull, who had resumed his flight; then drew rein, and determined to rejoin my companions. It was high time. The breath blew hard from Pontiac's nostrils, and the sweat rolled in big drops down his sides; I myself felt as if drenched in warm water. Pledging myself to take my revenge at a future opportunity, I looked about for some indications to show me where I was, and what course I ought to pursue; I might as well have looked for landmarks in the midst of the ocean. How many miles I had run, or in what direction, I had no idea; and around me the prairie was rolling in steep swells and pitches, without a single distinctive feature to guide me. I had a little compass hung at my neck; and ignorant, that the Platte at this point diverged considerably from its easterly course, I thought that by keeping to the northward I should certainly reach it. So I turned and rode about two hours in that direction. The prairie changed as I advanced, softening away into easier undulations, but nothing like the Platte appeared, nor any sign of a human being: the same wild endless expanse lay around me still; and to all appearance I was as far from my object as ever. I began now to think myself in danger of being lost, and, reining in my horse, summoned the scanty share of woodcraft that I possessed (if that term is applicable upon the prairie) to extricate me. It occurred to me that the buffalo might prove my best guides. I soon found one of the paths made by them in

their passage to the river: it ran nearly at right angles to my course; but turning my horse's head in the direction it indicated, his freer gait and erected ears assured me that I was right.

But in the meantime my ride had been by no means a solitary one. The face of the country was dotted far and wide with countless hundreds of buffalo. They trooped along in files and columns, bulls, cows, and calves, on the green faces of the declivities in front. They scrambled away over the hills to the right and left; and far off, the pale blue swells in the extreme distance were dotted with innumerable specks. Sometimes I surprised shaggy old bulls grazing alone, or sleeping behind the ridges I ascended. They would leap up at my approach, stare stupidly at me through their tangled manes, and then gallop heavily away. The antelope were very numerous; and as they are always bold when in the neighborhood of buffalo, they would approach to look at me, gaze intently with their great round eyes, then suddenly leap aside, and stretch lightly away over the prairie, as swiftly as a race-horse. Squalid, ruffian-like wolves sneaked through the hollows and sandy ravines. Several times I passed through villages of prairie-dogs, who sat, each at the mouth of his burrow, holding his paws before him in a supplicating attitude, and yelping away most vehemently, whisking his little tail with every squeaking cry he uttered. Prairie-dogs are not fastidious in their choice of companions; various long checkered snakes were sunning themselves in the midst of the village, and demure little gray owls, with a large white ring around each eye, were perched side by side with the rightful inhabitants. The prairie teemed with life. Again and again I looked toward the crowded hill-sides, and was sure I saw horsemen; and riding near, with a mixture of hope and dread, for Indians were abroad, I found them transformed into a group of buffalo. There was nothing in human shape amid all this vast congregation of brute forms.

When I turned down the buffalo path, the prairie seemed changed; only a wolf or two glided by at intervals, like conscious felons, never looking to the right or left. Being now free from anxiety, I was at leisure to observe minutely the objects around me; and here, for the first time, I noticed insects wholly different from any of the varieties found farther to the eastward. Gaudy butterflies fluttered about my horse's head; strangely formed beetles, glittering with metallic lustre, were crawling upon plants that I had never seen before; multitudes of lizards, too, were darting like lightning over the sand.

I had run to a great distance from the river. It cost me a long ride on the buffalo path, before I saw, from the ridge of a sand-hill, the pale surface of the Platte glistening in the midst of its desert valley, and the faint outline of the hills beyond waving along the sky. From where I stood, not a tree nor a bush nor a living thing was visible throughout the whole extent of the sun-scorched landscape. In half an hour I came upon the trail, not far from the river; and seeing that the party had not yet passed, I turned eastward to meet them, old Pontiac's long swinging trot again assuring me that I was right in doing so. Having been slightly ill on leaving camp in the morning, six or seven hours of rough riding had fatigued me extremely. I soon stopped, therefore, flung my saddle on the ground, and with my head resting on it, and my horse's trail-rope tied loosely to my arm, lay waiting the arrival of the party, speculating meanwhile on the extent of the injuries Pontiac had received. At length the white wagon coverings rose from the verge of the plain. By a singular coincidence, almost at the same moment two horsemen appeared coming down from the hills. They were Shaw and Henry, who had searched for me awhile in the morning, but well knowing the futility of the attempt in such a broken country, had placed themselves on the top of the highest hill they could find, and picketing their horses near them, as a signal to me, had lain down and fallen asleep. The stray cattle had been recovered, as the emigrants told us, about noon. Before sunset, we pushed forward eight miles farther.

E. An Adventure of Huckleberry Finn

In 1885 Samuel Clemens wrote a sequel to Tom Sawyer —The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. With a pre-Civil War, Missouri setting, the book tells about the life of young Huckleberry, an orphan, who escapes the well-intended attentions of town ladies and who helps a slave, Jim, escape toward freedom in the North. Freedom is the river —the Mississippi River— in the two passages reprinted below, where the two newly-escaped "gentlemen" are at their leisure.

Some young birds come along, flying a yard or two at a time and lighting. Jim said it was a sign it was going to rain. He said it was a sign when young chickens flew that way, and so he reckoned it was the same way when young birds done it. I was going to catch some of them, but Jim wouldn't let me. He said it was death. He said his father laid mighty sick once, and some of them catched a bird, and his old granny said his father would die, and he did.

And Jim said you mustn't count the things you are going to cook for dinner, because that would bring bad luck. The same if you shook the tablecloth after sundown. And he said if a man owned a beehive and that man died, the bees must be told about it before sun-up next morning, or else the bees would all weaken down and quit work and die. Jim said bees wouldn't sting idiots; but I didn't believe that, because I had tried them lots of times myself, and they wouldn't sting me.

I had heard about some of these things before, but not all of them. Jim knowed all kinds of signs. He said he knowed most everything. I said it looked to me like all the signs was about bad luck, and so I asked him if there warn't any good-luck signs. He says:

"Mighty few—an' *dey* ain't no use to a body. What you want to know when good luck's a-comin' for? Want to keep it off?" And he said: "Ef you's got hairy arms en a hairy breas', it's a sign dat you's a-gwyne to be rich. Well, dey's some use in a sign

* Reprinted from Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens), The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn (New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 1948), pp. 68-71, 62-65.

like dat, 'kase it's so fur ahead. You see, maybe you's got to be po' a long time fust, en so you might git discourage' en kill yo'sef 'f you didn' know by de sign dat you gwyne to be rich bymeby."

"Have you got hairy arms and a hairy breast, Jim?"

"What's de use to ax dat question? Don't you see I has?"

"Well, are you rich?"

"No, but I ben rich wunst, and gwyne to be rich ag'in. Wunst I had foteen dollars, but I tuck to specalat'n', en got busted out."

"What did you speculate in, Jim?"

"Well, fust I tackled stock."

"What kind of stock?"

"Why, live stock—cattle, you know. I put ten dollars in a cow. But I ain' gwyne to resk no mo' money in stock. De cow up 'n' died on my han's."

"So you lost the ten dollars."

"No, I didn't lose it all. I on'y los' 'bout nine of it. I sole de hide en taller for a dollar en ten cents."

"You had five dollars and ten cents left. Did you speculate any more?"

"Yes. You know that one-laigged nigger dat b'longs to old Misto Bradish? Well, he sot up a bank, en say anybody dat put in a dollar would git fo' dollars mo' at de en' er de year. Well, all de niggers went in, but dey didn't have much. I wuz de on'y one dat had much. So I stuck out for mo' dan fo' dollars, en I said 'f I didn' git it I'd start a bank mysef. Well, o' course dat nigger want' to keep me out er de business, bekase he says dey warn't business 'nough for two banks, so he say I could put in my five dollars en he pay me thirty-five at de en' er de year.

"So I done it. Den I reck'n'd I'd inves' de thirty-five dollars right off en keep things a-movin'. Dey wuz a nigger name' Bob, dat had ketched a wood-flat, en his marster didn' know it; en I bought it off'n him en told him to take de thirty-five dollars when de en' er de year come; but somebody stole de wood-flat dat night, en nex' day de one-laigged nigger say de bank's busted. So dey didn' none uv us git no money."

"What did you do with the ten cents, Jim?"

"Well, I 'uz gwyne to spen' it, but I had a dream, en de dream tole me to give it to a nigger name' Balum—Balum's Ass dey call him for short; he's one er dem chuckleheads, you know. But he's lucky, dey say, en I see I warn't lucky. De dream say let Balum inves' de ten cents en he'd make a raise for me. Well, Balum he tuck de money, en when he wuz in church he hear de preacher say dat whoever give to de po' len' to de Lord, en boun' to git his money back a hund'd times. So Balum he tuck en

wuz gwyne to come of it."

"Well, what did come of it, Jim?"

"Nuffn never come of it. I couldn' manage to k'leck dat money no way; en Balum he couldn'. I ain' gwyne to len' no mo' money 'dout I see de security. Boun' to git yo' money back a hund'd times, de preacher says! Ef I could git de ten *cents* back, I'd call it squah, en be glad er de chanst."

"Well, it's all right anyway, Jim, long as you're going to be rich again some time or other."

"Yes; en I's rich now, come to look at it. I owns mysef, en I's wuth eight hund'd dollars. I wisht I had de money, I wouldn' want no mo'."

"Jim, this is nice," I says. "I wouldn't want to be nowhere else but here. Pass me along another hunk of fish and some hot corn-bread."

"Well, you wouldn't 'a' ben here 'f it hadn't 'a' ben for Jim. You'd 'a' ben down dah in de woods widout any dinner, en gittin' mos' drownded, too; dat you would, honey. Chickens knows when it's gwyne to rain, en so do de birds, chile."

The river went on raising and raising for ten or twelve days, till at last it was over the banks. The water was three or four foot deep on the island in the low places and on the Illinois bottom. On that side it was a good many miles wide, but on the Missouri side it was the same old distance across—a half a mile—because the Missouri shore was just a wall of high bluffs.

Daytimes we paddled all over the island in the canoe. It was mighty cool and shady in the deep woods, even if the sun was blazing outside. We went winding in and out amongst the trees, and sometimes the vines hung so thick we had to back away and go some other way. Well, on every old broken-down tree you could see rabbits and snakes and such things; and when the island had been overflowed a day or two they got so tame, on account of being hungry, that you could paddle right up and put your hand on them if you wanted to; but not the snakes and turtles—they would slide off in the water. The ridge our cavern was in was full of them. We could 'a' had pets enough if we'd wanted them.

One night we catched a little section of a lumber-raft—nice pine planks. It was twelve foot wide and about fifteen or sixteen foot long, and the top stood above water six or seven inches—a solid, level floor. We could see saw-logs go by in the daylight sometimes, but we let them go; we didn't show ourselves in daylight.

Another night when we was up at the head of the island, just before daylight, here comes a frame-house down, on the west side. She was a two-story, and tilted over considerable. We paddled out and

it was too dark to see yet, so we made the canoe fast and set in her to wait for daylight.

The light begun to come before we got to the foot of the island. Then we looked in at the window. We could make out a bed, and a table, and two old chairs, and lots of things around about on the floor, and there was clothes hanging against the wall. There was something laying on the floor in the far corner that looked like a man. So Jim says:

"Hello, you!"

But it didn't budge. So I hollered again, and then Jim says:

"De man ain't asleep—he's dead. You hold still —I'll go en see."

He went, and bent down and looked, and says:

"It's a dead man. Yes, indeedy; naked, too. He's ben shot in de back. I reck'n he's ben dead two er three days. Come in, Huck, but doan' look at his face—it's too gashly."

I didn't look at him at all. Jim throwed some old rags over him, but he needn't done it; I didn't want to see him. There was heaps of old greasy cards scattered around over the floor, and old whisky-bottles, and a couple of masks made out of black cloth; and all over the walls was the ignorantest kind of words and pictures made with charcoal. There was two old dirty calico dresses, and a sun-bonnet, and some women's underclothes hanging against the wall, and some men's clothing, too. We put the lot into the canoe—it might come good. There was a boy's old speckled straw hat on the floor; I took that, too. And there was a bottle that had had milk in it, and it had a rag stopper for a baby to suck. We would 'a' took the bottle, but it was broke. There was a seedy old chest, and an old hair trunk with the hinges broke. They stood open, but there warn't nothing left in them that was any account. The way things was scattered about we reckoned the people left in a hurry, and warn't fixed so as to carry off most of their stuff.

We got an old tin lantern, and a butcher-knife without any handle, and a bran-new Barlow knife worth two bits in any store, and a lot of tallow candles, and a tin candlestick, and a gourd, and a tin cup, and a ratty old bedquilt off the bed, and a reticule with needles and pins and beeswax and buttons and thread and all such truck in it, and a hatchet and some nails, and a fish-line as thick as my little finger with some monstrous hooks on it, and a roll of buckskin, and a leather dog-collar, and a horseshoe, and some vials of medicine that didn't have no label on them; and just as we was leaving

I found a tolerable good currycomb, and Jim he found a ratty old fiddle-bow, and a wooden leg. The straps was broke off of it, but, barring that, it was a good enough leg, though it was too long for me and not long enough for Jim, and we couldn't find the other one, though we hunted all around.

And so, take it all around, we made a good haul. When we was ready to shove off we was a quarter of a mile below the island, and it was pretty broad day; so I made Jim lay down in the canoe and cover up with the quilt, because if he set up people could tell he was a nigger a good ways off. I paddled over to the Illinois shore, and drifted down most a half a mile doing it. I crept up the dead water under the bank, and hadn't no accidents and didn't see nobody. We got home all safe.

American Lifestyles and the Environment

Volume II:

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Swinging Into A New Century: 1880-1920

Instead of giving young people the impression that their task is to stand in dreary watch over the ancient values, we should be telling them the grim but bracing truth that it is their task to re-create those values continuously in their own behavior, facing the dilemmas and catastrophies of their own time. Instead of implying that the ideals we cherish are safely embalmed in the memory of old battles and ancestral deeds we should be telling them that each generation refights the crucial battles and either brings new vitality to the ideals or allows them to decay.

--John W. Gardner--

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INTRODUCTION:

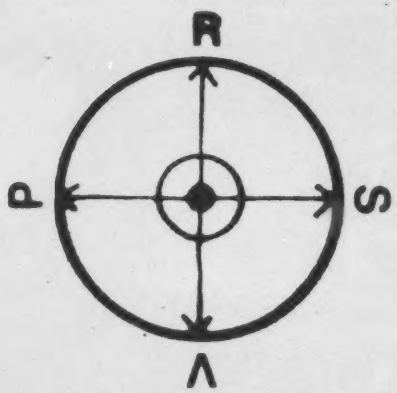
LIFE-STYLE AS PERFORMANCE

How people live on their little piece of the earth's surface really has a lot to do with the quality of our environment--both natural and man-made. If people demand more and more material goods to live in what they consider "the lap of luxury," then factories will run day and night, spewing forth wastes as well as products. If people want electric can-openers, toothbrushes, and air conditioning, then electric companies will carve the earth for coal, probe the land for oil, or pollinate the planet with nuclear wastes. If people see the automobile with its internal combustion engine as an important part of the "good life," then cities and countryside will get dirtier air.

How people decide to live their lives --their performance on earth--has a direct bearing on how they use the earth (its "resources").

But how do people decide on a lifestyle? How do they decide on how to live their lives on our little speck in the universe called "Earth?" Most of us simply accept the lifestyle into which we were born, and in which we were raised. Born as an American Indian, I'd perform as an Indian. Born in an Amish farm family, I'd probably live out my days as an Amish farmer, caring for the land. Born in an urban, industrial society, I'd probably want two cars, air conditioning, a home in the suburbs, one electric toothbrush, and several TV sets--color, of course.

However, there are men among us who would argue that we should not simply accept the lifestyle into which we were born. They say that men should figure out who they are, what they feel and want, and then, design their own performance--a lifestyle for themselves. Other men among us would agree and argue that conditions are changing so rapidly today that men cannot simply accept and live the lifestyle into which they were born because it's past, gone forever, as conditions changed. Each man must think and feel his way to direct his lifestyle in these changing times. Other men, especially the environmental crusaders, tell us that men cannot continue to live the lifestyle of the present because it will lead to our destruction as men. We will fail to survive, or we will be mutations of men living, like Lake Erie carp, in the filth of our own creation.



For whatever reason, it seems appropriate that people in the twentieth century and beyond must think through and decide upon a lifestyle for themselves, rather than uncritically accept what they accidentally get born into. Of course, they may wind-up accepting that lifestyle--but not uncritically!

This unit asks you to begin to analyze your own lifestyle and to find out where you are by critically examining alternative lifestyles at the turn of the century: 1880-1920. To do this we need a framework to make our analysis a systematic one. And, fortunately, Lawrence Halprin, a landscape architect on the contemporary scene, has prepared such a framework for us.*

All decisions by individuals or groups are potentially creative acts. According to Halprin, an individual or group in a goal-conflict or value-conflict situation, where a decision must be made, can find truly satisfying opportunities which humanize men. Or they can be times when men simply do the habitual, or simply act to attain the expedient goal. Lawrence Halprin suggests that the process that men follow in attaining their goals is the critical ingredient in humanness and happiness! This process is one of performance. Men are made men and are made satisfied by their own performance and their performances with their fellow man, as much as by the simple attainment of "goals."

Halprin finds that nearly every creative act contains one or more of the following four elements: Resources available, and analysis of the limitations upon the use of them; a Score (or plan) which describes what will be done;

*Lawrence Halprin, R.S.V.P. Cycles: Creative Processes in the Human Environment (New York: George Braziller, Inc., 1969).

Valuaction, or the feedback process involving the values and commitments one ascribes to actions being taken or recently completed; and the Performance, or creative act in itself.

R= Resources (What you have to work with)

S= Scores (Which describe the process leading to the performance)

V= Valuaction (Analyzes the results of action and possible decisions. This is action-oriented as well as goal-oriented)

P= Performance (The result of scores, this is the "style" of the process)

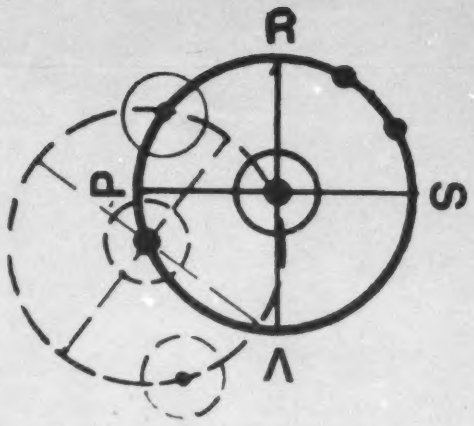
Scores are like the score to "Fiddler on the Roof," "Jesus Christ Superstar," or "La Boheme." Football play diagrams, calendars, architectural drawings, etc. are all scores. Some are simply orientations to action, with little control; others are tightly restrictive, detailed specifications.

Resources include talent, knowledge and abilities as well as materials and such goods.

Performance stresses the subtle nuances, intuition, fantasy and variety of the process of performance, carrying out the plan which results from interaction between resources and valuaction.

Valuaction is determined by the values and concerns which an individual or group considers most important. These "ultimate concerns" determine how one interprets the score and performance.

Halprin notes that there are individual RSVP cycles and group cycles. An individual activity ranges from Picasso painting a picture to a motorist dumping his trash in a roadside ditch. Group performances both assist in welding a sense of community, and emerge from encounters within such a community. Public hearings on a planned (scored) mall in a city, or participating in a lively class discussion are examples of groups acting creatively. In terms of ecology, one of the issues to emerge from this book is that the scoring and performance of the environment has been left too often to individuals, without community interaction, and that the valuaction motivating the scoring and performance has been based upon economic and commercial gain, to the detriment of the environment.



The private, self-oriented inner cycle and the community, group-oriented outer cycle together make up the RSVP cycles necessary to encompass all human creative processes. Thus, this book deals with the two RSVP cycles. The inner cycle as the separate self and the outer cycle as the collective self: individual and community.

RESOURCES

Let's first consider the idea of resources in human performance and lifestyle.

I CRASHLANDING ON THE MOON

A. FIRST SECTION (to be taken by individuals). You are a member of a space crew originally scheduled to rendezvous with a mother ship on the lighted surface of the moon. Because of mechanical difficulties, however, your ship was forced to land at a spot some two hundred miles from the rendezvous point. During the landing much of the ship and the equipment aboard were damaged, and since survival depends on reaching the mother ship, the most critical items still available must be chosen for the two-hundred-mile trip. Below are listed the ten items left intact and undamaged after landing. Your task is to rank them in order of their importance in allowing your crew to reach the rendezvous point. Place the number 1 by the most important item, the number 2 by the second most important, and so on through number 10, the least important.

____ Food concentrate
____ 50 feet of nylon rope
____ Parachute silk
____ Two 100-pound tanks of oxygen
____ Map of the stars as seen from the moon
____ Life raft
____ 5 gallons of water
____ Signal flares
____ First-aid kit containing injection needles
____ Solar-powered FM receiver-transmitter

B. SECOND SECTION (group consensus). This is an exercise in group decision-making. Your group is to employ the method of group consensus in reaching its decision. This means that the prediction for each of the ten survival items must be agreed upon by each group member before it becomes a part of the group decision. Consensus is difficult to reach. Therefore, not every ranking will meet with everyone's complete approval. Try, as a group, to make each ranking one with which all group members can at least partially agree. Here are some guides to use in reaching consensus:

1. Avoid arguing for your own individual judgments. Approach the task on the basis of logic.
2. Avoid changing your mind only in order to reach agreement and eliminate conflict. Support only solutions with which you are able to agree to some extent, at least.
3. Avoid conflict-reducing techniques such as majority vote, averaging, or trading in reaching decisions.
4. View differences of opinion as helpful rather than as a hindrance in decision-making.

On the Group Summary Sheet place the individual rankings made earlier by each group member. Take as much time as you need in reaching your group decision.

II ABANDONED ON A TROPICAL ISLE

Let's pretend that your class has been shipwrecked and has found its way to a deserted tropical isle. You don't know how long you will have to remain on the island, but it looks like it will be a long time. Thus, you have a real survival problem. The first thing you do is to survey the resources you have in your possession --brought with you from the ship. These items are:

three hundred feet of nylon rope
a first aid kit
ten steel fish hooks
one axe
two steel buckets(one leaks)
twelve tins of sardines
six big cans of peaches
three cigarette lighters
a box of matches
four knives
one flare gun & ten flares
a machette
a file
a hammer & about 100 nails
two balls of twine
three leaky lifeboats
ten oars(one cracked)
a Bible (water soaked)
one canteen
some coins (totaling $4.76)
six blankets(wet)
two canvas sails

Your island is only two miles wide and five miles long. It's hilly, but warm with a good supply of fresh water. Get three class members to draw a map. Meanwhile, the rest of the class should list the needs of the group which must be fulfilled.

With your resources from the ship (including human resources), your map, and the list of needs, sit down and plan your performance on the island. That is, sit down and create a satisfactory lifestyle and discuss how you will fulfill it.

It may be that you cannot now do what will be required on the island. Why don't some of you dig in and do some research? The Whole Earth Catalogue, Boy Scout manuals, etc. are excellent sources of know-how. - - - Making fire. Making shelters. Cooking. Finding food. Health measures. etc. . . . . .

1. With a friend, clip some interesting photographs of natural areas from magazines. Present these to the class and have individuals or small groups tell what kinds of lifestyles they might design for human performance in the environment pictured. Try to make this a pleasant discussion!

2. Clip some photographs of man-made environments, or of what men have done in an environment, and conduct some public interviews. Ask people about their feelings toward these environmental performances and why they feel the way they do. Ask them to tell how they might perform in these environments and how they might change the environments. Don't forget to ask them "Why?"

Resources don't determine our performance as men on our little spaceship earth, but how we see and how we decide to use these "resources" have a great deal to say about us as humans--who we think we are, what we value, and what we think we are about! How we decide as men together on our speck in the universe will greatly influence the quality of our lives--and in fact whether we survive as men at all!

Can you imagine a mother in Kentucky seeing strip miners rip out the graves of her dead children in order to get another ton of coal to power someone's electric toothbrush or hot comb?

Can you imagine clubbing baby seals to death so some society matron might wrap her palid, wrinkled flesh in a "fashionable" coat of their furs? Or slaughtering a zebra so some Playmate may pose for an obscene photograph on the contrasting colors of its former coat?

Scores

Scores are plans for performance. Some scores, such as emergency escape cards in airplanes, are rigid; others, like jazz, folk, or dixieland music, are loose and encourage creative performances. Consider the following scores and the implied lifestyles. . . . . .

Rules and Regulations

Check Out Time 11 a.m.

Telephone Rules

LOCAL CALLS — 15¢ EACH 20¢

NO ROOM SERVICE, PLEASE

SWITCHBOARD OPEN — 7:30 A.M. TO 9:30 P.M.

MAY-LABOR DAY

PAY FOR ALL CALLS AT OFFICE

Units with kitchen. Wash and clean all utensils before you check out. Leave Apartment as you found it.

You are responsible for any damage, or loss to property. Your car description, and license plate number is on file in our office.

Only Registered Guests permitted to occupy units, or swim in pool.

No rough stuff tolerated.

No money refunded.

Please do not play your TV or radio too loud as it may disturb other guests.

Please leave key in office: on dresser if leaving before 7:30 a.m.

Please get motel supplies (blankets, alarm clocks, towels, ice, etc.) and information before office closes.

During season pay for number of days you plan to stay.

No maid service.

Leave door locked and air conditioner/heater and lights off.

Please do not take any blankets, dishes, linens (except towels), to beaches.

Do not fail to call on us if we can be of service to you.

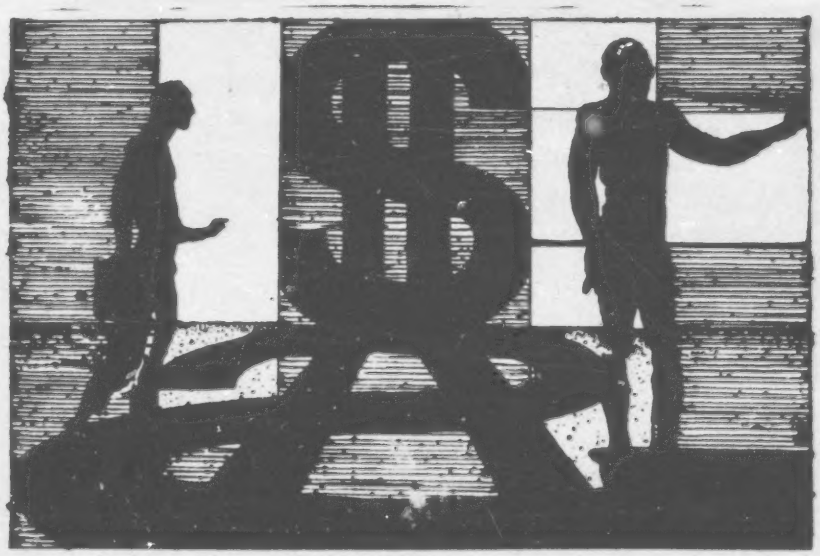
This is not a "party" motel.

We appreciate your patronage and hope to make your stay enjoyable and hope you will return.

*Reprinted from Halprin, R.S.V.P. Cycles, p.99.

PERFORMANCE

People have resources, possess valuations, and design scores. However, the *performance* is where the action is. Examine the performances pictured below, and reflect upon what they imply about lifestyles. If you don't like these, find your own pictures of performances.



It's called ACTION?

Doing IT!

OK. You have examined some examples of RESOURCES, SCORES, VALUACTION, and PERFORMANCE. Now let's put it together. After all, we are interested in reflecting upon our own and alternative lifestyles(performances!) and what these imply about us a humans and what they imply for our environments. . . and perhaps, our survival!

The remainder of this booklet contains ten lifestyles and a listing of even mo e sources to locate lifestyle descriptions. With your teacher and fellow students, select several for analysis. Use Halprin's ides of RSVP Cycles to "get into" these lifestyles and see what they meant for those who lived them, and what they mean to us as we try to live together as men on a finite earth.

Living IT!

A. The Open Boat, Stephen Crane

This is one of most popular of stories by Stephen Crane, the famous author of The Red Badge of Courage. In this short story, four men are shipwrecked and drifting about off the coast of Florida in an open boat. Cramped in a small dinghy, they are trying to reach the safety of shore, while the relentless sea offers them problems in abundance. After you read the following excerpt, apply the RSVP model —concentrating upon the crew's problems with the natural and their man-made environments.

I

None of them knew the colour of the sky. Their eyes glanced level, and were fastened upon the waves that swept toward them. These waves were of the hue of slate, save for the tops, which were of foaming white, and all of the men knew the colours of the sea. The horizon narrowed and widened, and dipped and rose, and at all times its edge was jagged with waves that seemed thrust up in points like rocks.

Many a man ought to have a bathtub larger than the boat which here rode upon the sea. These waves were most wrongfully and barbarously abrupt and tall, and each froth-top was a problem in small-boat navigation.

The cook squatted in the bottom, and looked with both eyes at the six inches of gunwale which separated him from the ocean. His sleeves were rolled over his fat forearms, and the two flaps of his unbuttoned vest dangled as he bent to bail out the boat. Often he said, "Gawd! that was a narrow clip." As he remarked it he invariably gazed eastward over the broken sea.

Billie The oiler, steering with one of the two oars in the boat, sometimes raised himself suddenly to keep clear of water that swirled in over the stern. It was a thin little oar, and it seemed ofter ready to snap.

The correspondent, pulling at the other oar, watched the waves and wondered why he was there.

The injured captain, lying in the bow, was at this time buried in that profound dejection and indifference which comes, temporarily at least, to even the bravest and most enduring when, willy-nilly, the firm fails, the army loses, the ship goes down. The mind of the master of a vessel is rooted deep in the timbers of her, though he command for a day or a decade; and this captain had on him the stern impression of a scene in the greys of dawn of seven turned faces, and later a stump of a topmast with a white ball on it, that slashed to and fro at the waves, went low and lower, and down. Thereafter there was something strange in his voice. Although steady, it was deep with mourning, and of a quality beyond oration or tears.

"Keep 'er a little more south, Billie," said he.

"A little more south, sir," said the oiler in the stern.

* Reprinted from Stephen Crane: Stories and Tales, edited by Robert Wooster Stallman (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1955), pp. 215-220. Copyright 1898.

A seat in his boat was not unlike a seat upon a bucking broncho, and by the same token a broncho is not much smaller. The craft pranced and reared and plunged like an animal. As each wave came, and she rose for it, she seemed like a horse making at a fence outrageously high. The manner of her scramble over these walls of water is a mystic thing, and, moreover, at the top of them were ordinarily these problems in white water, the foam racing down from the summit of each wave requiring a new leap, and a leap from the air. Then, after scornfully bumping a crest, she would slide and race and splash down a long incline, and arrive bobbing and nodding in front of the next menace.

A singular disadvantage of the sea lies in the fact that after successfully surmounting one wave you discover that there is another behind it just as important and just as nervously anxious to do something effective in the way of swamping boats. In a ten-foot dinghy one can get an idea of the resources of the sea in the line of waves that is not probable to the average experience which is never at sea in a dinghy. As each slaty wall of water approached, it shut all else from the view of the men in the boat, and it was not difficult to imagine that this particular wave was the final outburst of the ocean, the last effort of the grim water. There was a terrible grace in the move of the waves, and they came in silence, save for the snarling of the crests.

In the wan light the faces of the men must have been grey. Their eyes must have glinted in strange ways as they gazed steadily astern. Viewed from a balcony, the whole thing would doubtless have been weirdly picturesque. But the men in the boat had no time to see it, and if they had had leisure, there were other things to occupy their minds. The sun swung steadily up the sky, and they knew it was broad day because the colour of the sea changed from slate to emerald green streaked with amber lights, and the foam was like tumbling snow. The process of the breaking day was unknown to them. They were aware only of this effect upon the colour of the waves that rolled toward them.

In disjointed sentences the cook and the correspondent argued as to the difference between a life-saving station and a house of refuge. The cook had said: "There's a house of refuge just north of the Mosquito Inlet Light, and as soon as they see us they'll come off in their boat and pick us up."

"As soon as who see us?" said the correspondent.

"The crew," said the cook.

"Houses of refuge don't have crews," said the correspondent. "As I understand them, they are only places where clothes and grub are stored for the benefit of shipwrecked people. They don't carry crews."

"Oh, yes, they do," said the cook.

"No, they don't," said the correspondent.

"Well, we're not there yet, anyhow," said the oiler, in the stern.

"Well," said the cook, "perhaps it's not a house of refuge that I'm thinking of as being near Mosquito Inlet Light; perhaps it's a life-saving station."

"We're not there yet," said the oiler in the stern.

II

As the boat bounced from the top of each wave the wind tore through the hair of the hatless men, and as the craft plopped her stern down again the spray slashed past them. The crest of each of these waves was a hill, from the top of which the men surveyed for a moment a broad tumultuous expanse, shining and wind-riven. It was probably splendid, it was probably glorious, this play of the free sea, wild with lights of emerald and white and amber.

"Bully good thing it's an on-shore wind," said the cook. "If not, where would we be? Wouldn't have a show."

"That's right," said the correspondent.

The busy oiler nodded his assent.

Then the captain, in the bow, chuckled in a way that expressed humour, contempt, tragedy, all in one. "Do you think we've got much of a show now, boys?" said he.

Whereupon the three were silent, save for a trifle of hemming and hawing. To express any particular optimism at this time they felt to be childish and stupid, but they all doubtless possessed this sense of the situation in their minds. A young man thinks doggedly at such times. On the other hand, the ethics of their condition was decidedly against any open suggestion of hopelessness. So they were silent.

"Oh, well," said the captain, soothing his children, "we'll get ashore all right."

But there was that in his tone which made them think; so the oiler quoth, "Yes! if this wind holds."

The cook was bailing. "Yes! if we don't catch hell in the surf."

Canton-flannel gulls flew near and far. Sometimes they sat down on the sea, near patches of brown seaweed that rolled over the waves with a movement like carpets on a line in a gale. The birds sat comfortably in groups, and they were envied by some in the dinghy, for the wrath of the sea was no more to them than it was to a covey of prairie chickens a thousand miles inland. Often they came very close and stared at the men with black bead-like eyes. At these times they were uncanny and sinister in their unblinking scrutiny, and the men hooted angrily at them, telling them to be gone. One came, and evidently decided to alight on the top of the captain's head. The bird flew parallel to the boat and did not circle, but made short sidelong jumps in the air in chicken-fashion. His black eyes were wistfully fixed upon the captain's head. "Ugly brute," said the oiler to the bird. "You look as if you were made with a jackknife." The cook and the correspondent swore darkly at the creature. The captain naturally wished to knock it away with the end of the heavy painter, but he did not dare do it, because anything resembling an emphatic gesture would have capsized this freighted boat; and so, with his open hand, the captain gently and carefully waved the gull away. After it had been discouraged from the pursuit the captain breathed easier on account of his hair, and others breathed easier because the bird struck their minds at this time as being somehow gruesome and ominous.

In the meantime the oiler and the correspondent rowed. And also they rowed. They sat together in the same seat, and each rowed an oar. Then the oiler took both oars; then the correspondent took both oars; then the oiler; then the correspondent. They rowed and they rowed. The very ticklish part of the business was when the time came for

By the very last star of truth, it is easier to steal eggs from under a hen than it was to change seats in the dinghy. First the man in the stern slid his hand along the thwart and moved with care, as if he were of Sèvres. Then the man in the rowing-seat slid his hand along the other thwart. It was all done with the most extraordinary care. As the two sidled past each other, the whole party kept watchful eyes on the coming wave, and the captain cried: "Look out, now! Steady, there!"

The brown mats of seaweed that appeared from time to time were like islands, bits of earth. They were travelling, apparently, neither one way nor the other. They were, to all intents, stationary. They informed the men in the boat that it was making progress slowly toward the land.

The captain, rearing cautiously in the bow after the dinghy soared on a great swell, said that he had seen the lighthouse at Mosquito Inlet. Presently the cook remarked that he had seen it. The correspondent was at the oars then, and for some reason he too wished to look at the lighthouse; but his back was toward the far shore, and the waves were important, and for some time he could not seize an opportunity to turn his head. But at last there came a wave more gentle than the others, and when at the crest of it he swiftly scoured the western horizon.

"See it?" said the captain.

"No," said the correspondent, slowly; "I didn't see anything."

"Look again," said the captain. He pointed. "It's exactly in that direction."

At the top of another wave the correspondent did as he was bid, and this time his eyes chanced on a small, still thing on the edge of the swaying horizon. It was precisely like the point of a pin. It took an anxious eye to find a lighthouse so tiny.

"Think we'll make it, Captain?"

"If this wind holds and the boat don't swamp, we can't do much else," said the captain.

The little boat, lifted by each towering sea and splashed viciously by the crests, made progress that in the absence of seaweed was not apparent to those in her. She seemed just a wee thing wallowing, miraculously top up, at the mercy of five oceans. Occasionally a great spread of water, like white flames, swarmed into her.

"Bail her, cook," said the captain, serenely.

"All right, Captain," said the cheerful cook.

III

It would be difficult to describe the subtle brotherhood of men that was here established on the seas. No one said that it was so. No one mentioned it. But it dwelt in the boat, and each man felt it warm him. They were a captain, an oiler, a cook, and a correspondent, and they were friends—friends in a more curiously iron-bound degree than may be common. The hurt captain, lying against the water-jar in the bow, spoke always in a low voice and calmly; but he could never command a more ready and swiftly obedient crew than the motley three of the dinghy.

B. Chicago, Carl Sandberg

Carl Sandberg is one of the best-known poets of the United States. His works are widely-read and enjoyed, including his multi-volume prose biography of Abraham Lincoln. The poem reprinted below is one of his most famous poems from a volume entitled Chicago Poems (1916) which convey fascinating images of life in that mid-western city. After reading the poem, apply the RSVP model to Chicago lifestyles, as suggested by Sandberg's images.

CHICAGO

Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders:

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen your painted women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys.
And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is true I have seen the gunman kill and go free to kill again.
And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of women and children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger.
And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this my city, and I give them back the sneer and say to them:
Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning.
Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a tall bold slugger set vivid against the little soft cities;
Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a savage pitted against the wilderness,
Bareheaded,
Shoveling,
Wrecking,
Planning,
Building, breaking, rebuilding,
Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth,
Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs,
Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle,
Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and under his ribs the heart of the people,
Laughing!
Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-naked, sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation.

* Reprinted from Carl Sandberg, Complete Poems (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1950), pp. 3-4. Copyright 1916.

C. St. Louis, A City Inside Out, Lincoln Steffens

Theodore Roosevelt called authors,who wrote about social problems, muckrakers. Lincoln Steffens was one of those muckrakers --and he raked urban mud, commenting upon life in the cities. He exposed the corruption, squalor, and evils of urban life. In the passage reprinted below, he describes some problems in St. Louis. After you read it, apply the RSVP model.

* Reprinted from The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens (New York: The Literary Guild, 1931), pp. 365-373. Copyright 1931, by Harcourt, Brace, and World, Inc.

D. The Bentley Family, Sherwood Anderson

The following passage is taken from a collection of short stories about individual people in a small town which the author, Sherwood Anderson, wove into a novel form. The Bentley family, described below, offers a prime example of small farm lifestyles in the late nineteenth century. Read it and apply the RSVP model. What are the key features of human performance here?

THERE WERE always three or four old people sitting on the front porch of the house or puttering about the garden of the Bentley farm. Three of the old people were women and sisters to Jesse. They were a colorless, soft-voiced lot. Then there was a silent old man with thin white hair who was Jesse's uncle.

The farmhouse was built of wood, a board outer-covering over a framework of logs. It was in reality not one house but a cluster of houses joined together in a rather haphazard manner. Inside, the place was full of surprises. One went up steps from the living room into the dining room and there were always steps to be ascended or descended in passing from one room to another. At meal times the place was like a beehive. At one moment all was quiet, then doors began to open, feet clattered on stairs, a murmur of soft voices arose and people appeared from a dozen obscure corners.

Beside the old people, already mentioned, many others lived in the Bentley house. There were four hired men, a woman named Aunt Callie Beebe, who was in charge of the housekeeping, a dull-witted girl named Eliza Stoughton, who made beds and helped with the milking, a boy who worked in the stables, and Jesse Bentley himself, the owner and overlord of it all.

By the time the American Civil War had been over for twenty years, that part of Northern Ohio where the Bentley farms lay had begun to emerge from pioneer life. Jesse then owned machinery for harvesting grain. He had built modern barns and most of his land was drained with carefully laid tile drain, but in order to understand the man we will have to go back to an earlier day.

The Bentley family had been in Northern Ohio for several generations before Jesse's time. They came from New York State and took up land when the country was new and land could be had at a low price. For a long time they, in common with all the other Middle Western people, were very poor. The land they had settled upon was heavily wooded and covered with fallen logs and underbrush. After the long hard labor of clearing these away

* Reprinted from Sherwood Anderson, Winesburg, Ohio (New York: Viking Press, 1960), pp. 63-65. Copyright 1919.

and cutting the timber, there were still the stumps to be reckoned with. Plows run through the fields caught on hidden roots, stones lay all about, on the low places water gathered, and the young corn turned yellow, sickened and died.

When Jesse Bentley's father and brothers had come into their ownership of the place, much of the harder part of the work of clearing had been done, but they clung to old traditions and worked like driven animals. They lived as practically all of the farming people of the time lived. In the spring and through most of the winter the highways leading into the town of Winesburg were a sea of mud. The four young men of the family worked hard all day in the fields, they ate heavily of coarse, greasy food, and at night slept like tired beasts on beds of straw. Into their lives came little that was not coarse and brutal and outwardly they were themselves coarse and brutal. On Saturday afternoons they hitched a team of horses to a three-seated wagon and went off to town. In town they stood about the stoves in the stores talking to other farmers or to the store keepers. They were dressed in overalls and in the winter wore heavy coats that were flecked with mud. Their hands as they stretched them out to the heat of the stoves were cracked and red. It was difficult for them to talk and so they for the most part kept silent. When they had bought meat, flour, sugar, and salt, they went into one of the Winesburg saloons and drank beer. Under the influence of drink the naturally strong lusts of their natures, kept suppressed by the heroic labor of breaking up new ground, were released. A kind of crude and animal-like poetic fervor took possession of them. On the road home they stood up on the wagon seats and shouted at the stars. Sometimes they fought long and bitterly and at other times they broke forth into songs. Once Enoch Bentley, the older one of the boys, struck his father, old Tom Bentley, with the butt of a teamster's whip, and the old man seemed likely to die. For days Enoch lay hid in the straw in the loft of the stable ready to flee if the result of his momentary passion turned out to be murder. He was kept alive with food brought by his mother, who also kept him informed of the injured man's condition. When all turned out well he emerged from his hiding place and went back to the work of clearing land as though nothing had happened.

E. Up the Coolly, Hamlin Garland

Writing about farm life in the upper Mid-west, Hamlin Garland set forth the return of a son, who had gone East and become famous, to the old farmstead where his brother Grant eeked out a living and a sense of futility. Apply the RSVP model to Grant's performance in 1890, on the farm, which was his environment.

The next day was a rainy day; not a shower, but a steady rain—an unusual thing in midsummer in the West. A cold, dismal day in the fireless, colorless farmhouses. It came to Howard in that peculiar reaction which surely comes during a visit of this character, when thought is a weariness, when the visitor longs for his own familiar walls and pictures and books, and longs to meet his friends, feeling at the same time the tragedy of life which makes friends nearer and more congenial than blood-relations.

Howard ate his breakfast alone, save Baby and Laura its mother going about the room. Baby and mother alike insisted on feeding him to death. Already dyspeptic pangs were setting in.

"Now ain't there something more I can—"

"Good heavens! No!" he cried in dismay. "I'm likely to die of dyspepsia now. This honey and milk, and these delicious hot biscuits—"

"I'm afraid it ain't much like the breakfasts you have in the city."

"Well, no, it ain't," he confessed. "But this is the kind a man needs when he lives in the open air."

She sat down opposite him, with her elbows on the table, her chin in her palm, her eyes full of shadows.

"I'd like to go to a city once. I never saw a town bigger'n La Crosse. I've never seen a play, but I've read of 'em in the magazines. It must be wonderful; they say they have wharves and real ships coming up to the wharf, and people getting off and on. How do they do it?"

"Oh, that's too long a story to tell. It's a lot of machinery and paint and canvas. If I told you how it was done, you wouldn't enjoy it so well when you come on and see it."

"Do you ever expect to see *me* in New York?"

"Why, yes. Why not? I expect Grant to come on and bring you all some day, especially Tonikins here. Tonikins, you hear, sir? I expect you to come on you' forf birfday, sure." He tried thus to stop the woman's gloomy confidence.

"I hate farm-life," she went on with a bitter inflection. "It's nothing but fret, fret, and work the whole time, never going any place, never seeing anybody but a lot of neighbors just as big fools as you are. I spend my time fighting flies and washing dishes and churning. I'm sick of it all."

* Reprinted from Hamlin Garland, Main-Travelled Roads (New York: Macmillan Company, 1899), pp. 117-129.

Howard was silent. What could he say to such an indictment? The ceiling swarmed with flies which the cold rain had driven to seek the warmth of the kitchen. The gray rain was falling with a dreary sound outside, and down the kitchen stove-pipe an occasional drop fell on the stove with a hissing, angry sound.

The young wife went on with a deeper note:

"I lived in La Crosse two years, going to school, and I know a little something of what city life is. If I was a man, I bet I wouldn't wear my life out on a farm, as Grant does. I'd get away and I'd do something. I wouldn't care what, but I'd get away."

There was a certain volcanic energy back of all the woman said, that made Howard feel she would make the attempt. She did not know that the struggle for a place to stand on this planet was eating the heart and soul out of men and women in the city, just as in the country. But he could say nothing. If he had said in conventional phrase, sitting there in his soft clothing, "We must make the best of it all," the woman could justly have thrown the dish-cloth in his face. He could say nothing.

"I was a fool for ever marrying," she went on, while the baby pushed a chair across the room. "I made a decent living teaching, I was free to come and go, my money was my own. Now I'm tied right down to a churn or a dish-pan, I never have a cent of my own. *He's* growlin' 'round half the time, and there's no chance of his ever being different."

She stopped with a bitter sob in her throat. She forgot she was talking to her husband's brother. She was conscious only of his sympathy.

As if a great black cloud had settled down upon him, Howard felt it all—the horror, hopelessness, imminent tragedy of it all. The glory of nature, the bounty and splendor of the sky, only made it the more benumbing. He thought of a sentence Millet once wrote:

"I see very well the aureole of the dandelions, and the sun also, far down there behind the hills, flinging his glory upon the clouds. But not alone that—I see in the plains the smoke of the tired horses at the plough, or, on a stony-hearted spot of ground, a back-broken man trying to raise himself upright for a moment to breathe. The tragedy is surrounded by glories—that is no invention of mine."

Howard arose abruptly and went back to his little bedroom, where he walked up and down the floor till he was calm enough to write, and then he sat down and poured it all out to "Dearest Margaret," and his first sentence was this:

"If it were not for you (just to let you know the mood I'm in)—if it were not *for* you, and I had the world in my hands, I'd crush it like a puff-ball; evil so predominates, suffering is so universal and persistent, happiness so fleeting and so infrequent."

He wrote on for two hours, and by the time he had sealed and directed several letters he felt calmer, but still terribly depressed. The rain was still falling, sweeping down from the half-seen hills, wreathing the wooded peaks with a gray garment of mist, and filling the valley with a whitish cloud.

It fell around the house drearily. It ran down into the tubs placed to catch it, dripped from the mossy pump, and drummed on the upturned milk-pails, and upon the brown and yellow beehives under the maple trees. The chickens seemed depressed, but the irrepressible bluejay screamed amid it all, with the same insolent spirit, his plumage untarnished by the wet. The barnyard showed a horrible mixture of mud and mire, through which

Howard caught glimpses of the men, slumping to and fro without more additional protection than a ragged coat and a shapeless felt hat.

In the sitting room where his mother sat sewing there was not an ornament, save the etching he had brought. The clock stood on a small shelf, its dial so much defaced that one could not tell the time of day; and when it struck, it was with noticeably disproportionate deliberation, as if it wished to correct any mistake into which the family might have fallen by reason of its illegible dial.

The paper on the walls showed the first concession of the Puritans to the Spirit of Beauty, and was made up of a heterogeneous mixture of flowers of unheard-of shapes and colors, arranged in four different ways along the wall. There were no books, no music, and only a few newspapers in sight—a bare, blank, cold, drab-colored shelter from the rain, not a home. Nothing cosey, nothing heart-warming; a grim and horrible shed.

"What are they doing? It can't be they're at work such a day as this," Howard said, standing at the window.

"They find plenty to do, even on rainy days," answered his mother. "Grant always has some job to set the men at. It's the only way to live."

"I'll go out and see them." He turned suddenly. "Mother, why should Grant treat me so? Have I deserved it?"

Mrs. McLane sighed in pathetic hopelessness. "I don't know, Howard. I'm worried about Grant. He gets more an' more down hearted an' gloomy every day. Seems if he'd go crazy. He don't care how he looks any more, won't dress up on Sunday. Days an' days he'll go aroun' not sayin' a word. I was in hopes you could help him, Howard."

"My coming seems to have had an opposite effect. He hasn't spoken a word to me, except when he had to, since I came. Mother, what do you say to going home with me to New York?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that!" she cried in terror. "I couldn't live in a big city—never!"

"There speaks the truly rural mind," smiled Howard at his mother, who was looking up at him through her glasses with a pathetic forlornness which sobered him again. "Why, mother, you could live in Orange, New Jersey, or out in Connecticut, and be just as lonesome as you are here. You wouldn't need to live in the city. I could see you then every day or two."

"Well, I couldn't leave Grant and the baby, anyway," she replied, not realizing how one could live in New Jersey and do business daily in New York.

"Well, then, how would you like to go back into the old house?"

The patient hands fell to the lap, the dim eyes fixed in searching glance on his face. There was a wistful cry in the voice.

"Oh, Howard! Do you mean—"

He came and sat down by her, and put his arm about her and hugged her hard. "I mean, you dear, good, patient, work-weary old mother, I'm going to buy back the old farm and put you in it."

There was no refuge for her now except in tears, and she put up her thin, trembling old hands about his neck, and cried in that easy, placid, restful way age has.

Howard could not speak. His throat ached with remorse and pity. He saw his forgetfulness of them all once more without relief,—the black thing it was!

"There, there, mother, don't cry!" he said, torn with anguish by her tears. Measured by man's tearlessness, her weeping seemed terrible to him. "I didn't realize how things were going here. It was all my fault—or, at least, most of it. Grant's letter didn't reach me. I thought you were still on the old farm. But no matter; it's all over now. Come, don't cry any more, mother dear. I'm going to take care of you now."

It had been years since the poor, lonely woman had felt such warmth of love. Her sons had been like her husband, chary of expressing their affection; and like most Puritan families, there was little of caressing among them. Sitting there with the rain on the roof and driving through the trees, they planned getting back into the old house. Howard's plan seemed to her full of splendor and audacity. She began to understand his power and wealth now, as he put it into concrete form before her.

"I wish I could eat Thanksgiving dinner there with you," he said at last, "but it can't be thought of. However, I'll have you all in there before I go home. I'm going out now and tell Grant. Now don't worry any more; I'm going to fix it all up with him, sure." He gave her a parting hug.

Laura advised him not to attempt to get to the barn; but as he persisted in going, she hunted up an old rubber coat for him. "You'll mire down and spoil your shoes," she said, glancing at his neat calf gaiters.

"Darn the difference!" he laughed in his old way. "Besides, I've got rubbers."

"Better go round by the fence," she advised, as he stepped out into the pouring rain.

How wretchedly familiar it all was! The miry cowyard, with the hollow trampled out around the horse-trough, the disconsolate hens standing under the wagons and sheds, a pig wallowing across its sty, and for atmosphere the desolate, falling rain. It was so familiar he felt a pang of the old rebellious despair which seized him on such days in his boyhood.

Catching up courage, he stepped out on the grass, opened the gate and entered the barn-yard. A narrow ribbon of turf ran around the fence, on which he could walk by clinging with one hand to the rough boards. In this way he slowly made his way around the periphery, and came at last to the open barn-door without much harm.

It was a desolate interior. In the open floor-way Grant, seated upon a half-bushel, was mending a harness. The old man was holding the trace in his hard brown hands; the boy was lying on a wisp of hay. It was a small barn, and poor at that. There was a bad smell, as of dead rats, about it, and the rain fell through the shingles here and there. To the right, and below, the horses stood, looking up with their calm and beautiful eyes, in which the whole scene was idealized.

Grant looked up an instant, and then went on with his work.

"Did yeh wade through?" grinned Lewis, exposing his broken teeth.

"No, I kinder circumambiated the pond." He sat down on the little tool-box near Grant. "Your barn is a good deal like that in 'The Arkansaw Traveller.' Needs a new roof, Grant." His voice had a pleasant sound, full of the tenderness of the scene through which he had just been. "In fact, you need a new barn."

"I need a good many things more'n I'll ever get," Grant replied shortly.

"How long did you say you'd been on this farm?"

"Three years this fall."

"I don't s'pose you've been able to think of buying—Now hold on, Grant," he cried, as Grant threw his head back. "For God's sake, don't get mad again! Wait till you see what I'm driving at."

"I don't see what you're drivin' at, and I don't care. All I want you to do is to let us alone. That ought to be easy enough for you."

"I tell you, I didn't get your letter. I didn't know you'd lost the old farm." Howard was determined not to quarrel. "I didn't suppose—"

"You might 'a' come to see."

"Well, I'll admit that. All I can say in excuse is that since I got to managing plays I've kept looking ahead to making a big hit and getting a barrel of money—just as the old miners used to hope and watch. Besides, you don't understand how much pressure there is on me. A hundred different people pulling and hauling to have me go here or go there, or do this or do that. When it isn't yachting, it's canoeing, or—"

He stopped. His heart gave a painful throb, and a shiver ran through him. Again he saw his life, so rich, so bright, so free, set over against the routine life in the little low kitchen, the barren sitting room, and this still more horrible barn. Why should his brother sit there in wet and grimy clothing, mending a broken trace, while he enjoyed all the light and civilization of the age?

He looked at Grant's fine figure, his great, strong face; recalled his deep, stern, masterful voice. "Am I so much superior to him? Have not circumstances made me and destroyed him?"

"Grant, for God's sake, don't sit there like that! I'll admit I've been negligent and careless. I can't understand it all myself. But let me do something for you now. I've sent to New York for five thousand dollars. I've got terms on the old farm. Let me see you all back there once more before I return."

"I don't want any of your charity."

"It ain't charity. It's only justice to you." He rose. "Come, now, let's get at an understanding, Grant. I can't go on this way. I can't go back to New York and leave you here like this."

Grant rose too. "I tell you, I don't ask your help. You can't fix this thing up with money. If you've got more brains'n I have, why, it's all right. I ain't got any right to take anything that I don't earn."

"But you don't get what you do earn. It ain't your fault. I begin to see it now. Being the oldest, I had the best chance. I was going to town to school while you were ploughing and husking corn. Of course I thought you'd be going soon yourself. I had three years the start of you. If you'd been in my place, *you* might have met a man like Cook, *you* might have gone to New York and have been where I am."

"Well, it can't be helped now. So drop it."

"But it must be helped!" Howard said, pacing about, his hands in his coat-pockets. Grant had stopped work, and was gloomily looking out of the door at a pig nosing in the mud for stray grains of wheat at the granary door. The old man and the boy quietly withdrew.

"Good God! I see it all now," Howard burst out in an impassioned tone. "I went ahead with *my* education, got *my* start in life, then father died, and you took up his burdens. Circumstances made me and crushed you. That's all there is about that. Luck made me and cheated you. It ain't right."

His voice faltered. Both men were now oblivious of their com-

panions and of the scene. Both were thinking of the days when they both planned great things in the way of education, two ambitious, dreamful boys.

"I used to think of you, Grant, when I pulled out Monday morning in my best suit—cost fifteen dollars in those days." He smiled a little at the recollection. "While you in overalls and an old 'wammus' were going out into the field to plough, or husk corn in the mud. It made me feel uneasy, but, as I said, I kept saying to myself, 'His turn'll come in a year or two.' But it didn't."

His voice choked. He walked to the door, stood a moment, came back. His eyes were full of tears.

"I tell you, old man, many a time in my boardinghouse down to the city, when I thought of the jolly times I was having, my heart hurt me. But I said, 'It's no use to cry. Better go on and do the best you can, and then help them afterward. There'll only be one more miserable member of the family if you stay at home.' Besides, it seemed right to me to have first chance. But I never thought you'd be shut off, Grant. If I had, I never would have gone on. Come, old man, I want you to believe that." His voice was very tender now and almost humble.

"I don't know as I blame you for that, How.," said Grant, slowly. It was the first time he had called Howard by his boyish nickname. His voice was softer, too, and higher in key. But he looked steadily away.

"I went to New York. People liked my work. I was very successful, Grant; more successful than you realize. I could have helped you at any time. There's no use lying about it. And I ought to have done it; but some way—it's no excuse, I don't mean it for an excuse, only an explanation—some way I got in with the boys. I don't mean I was a drinker and all that. But I bought pictures and kept a horse and a yacht, and of course I had to pay my share of all expeditions, and—oh, what's the use!"

He broke off, turned, and threw his open palms out toward his brother, as if throwing aside the last attempt at an excuse.

"I *did* neglect you, and it's a damned shame! and I ask your forgiveness. Come, old man!"

He held out his hand, and Grant slowly approached and took it. There was a little silence. Then Howard went on, his voice trembling, the tears on his face.

"I want you to let me help you, old man. That's the way to forgive me. Will you?"

"Yes, if you can help me."

Howard squeezed his hand. "That's all right, old man. Now you make me a boy again. Course I can help you. I've got ten—"

"I don't mean that, How." Grant's voice was very grave. "Money can't give me a chance now."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean life ain't worth very much to me. I'm too old to take a new start. I'm a dead failure. I've come to the conclusion that life's a failure for ninety-nine per cent of us. You can't help me now. It's too late."

The two men stood there, face to face, hands clasped, the one fair-skinned, full-lipped, handsome in his neat suit; the other tragic, sombre in his softened mood, his large, long, rugged Scotch face bronzed with sun and scarred with wrinkles that had histories, like sabre-cuts on a veteran, the record of his battles.

F. Exploring the Sierra Nevada Mountains, John Muir

John Muir was a naturalist, explorer, and a leader in the conservation movement during the Progressive Era. In the following passage he offers his description of the Sierra Nevada Mountains —marked by his values and by his skill in understanding the world of nature. Apply the RSVP model to Muir's performance in the mountains —and to other performances noted.

Early one bright morning in the middle of Indian summer, while the glacier meadows were still crisp with frost crystals, I set out from the foot of Mount Lyell, on my way down to Yosemite Valley, to replenish my exhausted store of bread and tea. I had spent the past summer, as many preceding ones, exploring the glaciers that lie on the head waters of the San Joaquin, Tuolumne, Merced, and Owen's rivers; measuring and studying their movements, trends, crevasses, moraines, etc., and the part they had played during the period of their greater extension in the creation and development of the landscapes of this alpine wonderland. The time for this kind of work was nearly over for the year, and I began to look forward with delight to the approaching winter with its wondrous storms, when I would be warmly snow-bound in my Yosemite cabin with plenty of bread and books; but a tinge of regret came on when I considered that possibly I might not see this favorite region again until the next summer, excepting distant views from the heights about the Yosemite walls.

To artists, few portions of the High Sierra are, strictly speaking, picturesque The whole massive uplift of the range is one great picture, not clearly divisible into smaller ones; differing much in this respect from the older, and what may be called, riper mountains of the Coast Range. All the landscapes of the Sierra, as we have seen, were born again, remodeled from base to summit by the developing ice-floods of the last glacial winter. But all these new landscapes were not brought forth simultaneously; some of the highest, where the ice lingered longest, are tens of centuries younger than those of the warmer regions below them. In general, the younger the mountain-landscapes,—younger, I mean, with reference to the time of their emergence from the ice of the glacial period,—the less separable are they into artistic bits capable of being made into warm, sympathetic, lovable pictures with appreciable humanity in them.

Here, however, on the head waters of the Tuolumne, is a group of wild peaks on which the geologist may say that the sun has but just begun to shine, which is yet in

* Reprinted from The Mountains of California (New York: Doubleday & Company, 1961), pp. 38-47. Copyright 1894 by John Muir.

a high degree picturesque, and in its main features so regular and evenly balanced as almost to appear conventional—one somber cluster of snow-laden peaks with gray pine-fringed granite bosses braided around its base, the whole surging free into the sky from the head of a magnificent valley, whose lofty walls are beveled away on both sides so as to embrace it all without admitting anything not strictly belonging to it. The foreground was now aflame with autumn colors, brown and purple and gold, ripe in the mellow sunshine; contrasting brightly with the deep, cobalt blue of the sky, and the black and gray, and pure, spiritual white of the rocks and glaciers. Down through the midst, the young Tuolumne was seen pouring from its crystal fountains, now resting in glassy pools as if changing back again into ice, now leaping in white cascades as if turning to snow; gliding right and left between granite bosses, then sweeping on through the smooth, meadowy levels of the valley, swaying pensively from side to side with calm, stately gestures past dipping willows and sedges, and around groves of arrowy pine; and throughout its whole eventful course, whether flowing fast or slow, singing loud or low, ever filling the landscape with spiritual animation, and manifesting the grandeur of its sources in every movement and tone.

Pursuing my lonely way down the valley, I turned again and again to gaze on the glorious picture, throwing up my arms to inclose it as in a frame. After long ages of growth in the darkness beneath the glaciers, through sunshine and storms, it seemed now to be ready and waiting for the elected artist, like yellow wheat for the reaper; and I could not help wishing that I might carry colors and brushes with me on my travels, and learn to paint. In the mean time I had to be content with photographs on my mind and sketches in my notebooks. At length, after I had rounded a precipitous headland that puts out from the west wall of the valley, every peak vanished from sight, and I pushed rapidly along the frozen meadows, over the divide between the waters of the Merced and Tuolumne, and down through the forests that clothe the slopes of Cloud's Rest, arriving in Yosemite in due time—which, with me, is *any* time. And, strange to say, among the first people I met here were two artists who, with letters of introduction, were awaiting my return. They inquired whether in the course of my explorations in the adjacent mountains I had ever come upon a landscape suitable for a large painting; whereupon I began a description of the one that had so lately excited my admiration. Then, as I went on further and further into details, their faces began to glow, and I offered to guide them to it, while they declared that they would gladly follow, far or near, whithersoever I could spare the time to lead them.

Since storms might come breaking down through the fine weather at any time, burying the colors in snow, and cutting off the artists' retreat, I advised getting ready at once.

I led them out of the valley by the Vernal and Nevada Falls, thence over the main dividing ridge to the Big Tuolumne Meadows, by the old Mono trail, and thence along the upper Tuolumne River to its head. This was my companions' first excursion into the High Sierra, and as I was almost always alone in my mountaineering, the way that the fresh beauty was reflected in their faces made for me a novel and interesting study. They naturally were affected most of all by the colors—the intense

azure of the sky, the purplish grays of the granite, the red and browns of dry meadows, and the translucent purple and crimson of huckleberry bogs; the flaming yellow of aspen groves, the silvery flashing of the streams, and the bright green and blue of the glacier lakes. But the general expression of the scenery—rocky and savage—seemed sadly disappointing; and as they threaded the forest from ridge to ridge, eagerly scanning the landscapes as they were unfolded, they said: "All this is huge and sublime, but we see nothing as yet at all available for effective pictures. Art is long, and art is limited, you know; and here are foregrounds, middle-grounds, backgrounds, all alike; bare rock-waves, woods, groves, diminutive flecks of meadow, and strips of glittering water." "Never mind," I replied, "only bide a wee, and I will show you something you will like."

At length, toward the end of the second day, the Sierra Crown began to come into view, and when we had fairly rounded the projecting headland before mentioned, the whole picture stood revealed in the flush of the alpenglow. Their enthusiasm was excited beyond bounds, and the more impulsive of the two, a young Scotchman, dashed ahead, shouting and gesticulating and tossing his arms in the air like a madman. Here, at last, was a typical alpine landscape.

After feasting awhile on the view, I proceeded to make camp in a sheltered grove a little way back from the meadow, where pine-boughs could be obtained for beds, and where there was plenty of dry wood for fires, while the artists ran here and there, along the river-bends and up the sides of the cañon, choosing fore-grounds for sketches. After dark, when our tea was made and a rousing fire had been built, we began to make our plans. They decided to remain several days, at the least, while I concluded to make an excursion in the mean time to the untouched summit of Ritter.

It was now about the middle of October, the spring-time of snow-flowers. The first winter-clouds had already bloomed, and the peaks were strewn with fresh crystals, without, however, affecting the climbing to any dangerous extent. And as the weather was still profoundly calm, and the distance to the foot of the mountain only a little more than a day, I felt that I was running no great risk of being storm-bound.

Mount Ritter is king of the mountains of the middle portion of the High Sierra, as Shasta of the north and Whitney of the south sections. Moreover, as far as I know, it had never been climbed. I had explored the adjacent wilderness summer after summer, but my studies thus far had never drawn me to the top of it. Its height above sea-level is about 13,300 feet, and it is fenced round by steeply inclined glaciers, and cañons of tremendous depth and ruggedness, which render it almost inaccessible. But difficulties of this kind only exhilarate the mountaineer.

Next morning, the artists went heartily to their work and I to mine. Former experiences had given good reason to know that passionate storms, invisible as yet, might be brooding in the calm sun-gold; therefore, before bidding farewell, I warned the artists not to be alarmed should I fail to appear before a week or ten days, and

advised them, in case a snow-storm should set in, to keep up big fires and shelter themselves as best they could, and on no account to become frightened and attempt to seek their way back to Yosemite alone through the drifts.

My general plan was simply this: to scale the cañon wall, cross over to the eastern flank of the range, and then make my way southward to the northern spurs of Mount Ritter in compliance with the intervening topography; for to push on directly southward from camp through the innumerable peaks and pinnacles that adorn this portion of the axis of the range, however interesting, would take too much time, besides being extremely difficult and dangerous at this time of year.

All my first day was pure pleasure; simply mountaineering indulgence, crossing the dry pathways of the ancient glaciers, tracing happy streams, and learning the habits of the birds and marmots in the groves and rocks. Before I had gone a mile from camp, I came to the foot of a white cascade that beats its way down a rugged gorge in the cañon wall, from a height of about nine hundred feet, and pours its throbbing waters into the Tuolumne. I was acquainted with its fountains, which, fortunately, lay in my course. What a fine traveling companion it proved to be, what songs it sang, and how passionately it told the mountain's own joy! Gladly I climbed along its dashing border, absorbing its divine music, and bathing from time to time in waftings of irised spray. Climbing higher, higher, new beauty came streaming on the sight: painted meadows, late-blooming gardens, peaks of rare architecture, lakes here and there, shining like silver, and glimpses of the forested middle region and the yellow lowlands far in the west. Beyond the range I saw the so-called Mono Desert, lying dreamily silent in thick purple light—a desert of heavy sunglare beheld from a desert of ice-burnished granite. Here the waters divide, shouting in glorious enthusiasm, and falling eastward to vanish in the volcanic sands and dry sky of the Great Basin, or westward to the Great Valley of California, and thence through the Bay of San Francisco and the Golden Gate to the sea.

Passing a little way down over the summit until I had reached an elevation of about 10,000 feet, I pushed on southward toward a group of savage peaks that stand guard about Ritter on the north and west, groping my way, and dealing instinctively with every obstacle as it presented itself. Here a huge gorge would be found cutting across my path, along the dizzy edge of which I scrambled until some less precipitous point was discovered where I might safely venture to the bottom and then, selecting some feasible portion of the opposite wall, reascend with the same slow caution. Massive, flat-topped spurs alternate with the gorges, plunging abruptly from the shoulders of the snowy peaks, and planting their feet in the warm desert. These were everywhere marked and adorned with characteristic sculptures of the ancient glaciers that swept over this entire region like one vast ice-wind, and the polished surfaces produced by the ponderous flood are still so perfectly preserved that in many places the sunlight reflected from them is about as trying to the eyes as sheets of snow.

God's glacial-mills grind slowly, but they have been kept in motion long enough in California to grind sufficient soil for a glorious abundance of life, though most of the grist has been carried to the lowlands, leaving these high regions comparatively lean and bare; while the post-glacial agents of erosion have not yet furnished

sufficient available food over the general surface for more than a few tufts of the hardiest plants, chiefly carices and eriogonæ. And it is interesting to learn in this connection that the sparseness and repressed character of the vegetation at this height is caused more by want of soil than by harshness of climate; for, here and there, in sheltered hollows (countersunk beneath the general surface) into which a few rods of well-ground moraine chips have been dumped, we find groves of spruce and pine thirty to forty feet high, trimmed around the edges with willow and huckleberry bushes, and oftentimes still further by an outer ring of tall grasses, bright with lupines, larkspurs, and showy columbines, suggesting a climate by no means repressingly severe. All the streams, too, and the pools at this elevation are furnished with little gardens wherever soil can be made to lie, which, though making scarce any show at a distance, constitute charming surprises to the appreciative observer. In these bits of leafiness a few birds find grateful homes. Having no acquaintance with man, they fear no ill, and flock curiously about the stranger, almost allowing themselves to be taken in the hand. In so wild and so beautiful a region was spent my first day, every sight and sound inspiring, leading one far out of himself, yet feeding and building up his individuality.

Now came the solemn, silent evening. Long, blue, spiky shadows crept out across the snow-fields, while a rosy glow, at first scarce discernible, gradually deepened and suffused every mountain-top, flushing the glaciers and the harsh crags above them. This was the alpenglow, to me one of the most impressive of all the terrestrial manifestations of God. At the touch of this divine light, the mountains seemed to kindle to a rapt, religious consciousness, and stood hushed and waiting like devout worshipers. Just before the alpenglow began to fade, two crimson clouds came streaming across the summit like wings of flame, rendering the sublime scene yet more impressive; then came darkness and the stars.

Icy Ritter was still miles away, but I could proceed no farther that night. I found a good camp-ground on the rim of a glacier basin about 11,000 feet above the sea. A small lake nestles in the bottom of it, from which I got water for my tea, and a stormbeaten thicket near by furnished abundance of resiny fire-wood. Somber peaks, hacked and shattered, circled half-way around the horizon, wearing a savage aspect in the gloaming, and a waterfall chanted solemnly across the lake on its way down from the foot of a glacier. The fall and the lake and the glacier were almost equally bare; while the scraggy pines anchored in the rock-fissures were so dwarfed and shorn by storm-winds that you might walk over their tops. In tone and aspect the scene was one of the most desolate I ever beheld. But the darkest scriptures of the mountains are illumined with bright passages of love that never fail to make themselves felt when one is alone.

I made my bed in a nook of the pine-thicket, where the branches were pressed and crinkled overhead like a roof, and bent down around the sides. These are the best bedchambers the high mountains afford—snug as squirrel-nests, well ventilated, full of spicy odors, and with plenty of wind-played needles to sing one asleep. I little expected company, but, creeping in through a low side-door, I found five or six birds nestling among the tassels. The night-wind began to blow soon after

dark; at first only a gentle breathing, but increasing toward midnight to a rough gale that fell upon my leafy roof in ragged surges like a cascade, bearing wild sounds from the crags overhead. The waterfall sang in chorus, filling the old ice-fountain with its solemn roar, and seeming to increase in power as the night advanced—fit voice for such a landscape. I had to creep out many times to the fire during the night, for it was biting cold and I had no blankets. Gladly I welcomed the morning star.

The dawn in the dry, wavering air of the desert was glorious. Everything encouraged my undertaking and betokened success. There was no cloud in the sky, no storm-tone in the wind. Breakfast of bread and tea was soon made. I fastened a hard, durable crust to my belt by way of provision, in case I should be compelled to pass a night on the mountain-top; then, securing the remainder of my little stock against wolves and wood-rats, I set forth free and hopeful.

How glorious a greeting the sun gives the mountains! To behold this alone is worth the pains of any excursion a thousand times over. The highest peaks burned like islands in a sea of liquid shade. Then the lower peaks and spires caught the glow, and long lances of light, streaming through many a notch and pass, fell thick on the frozen meadows. The majestic form of Ritter was full in sight, and I pushed rapidly on over rounded rock-bosses and pavements, my iron-shod shoes making a clanking sound, suddenly hushed now and then in rugs of bryanthus, and sedgy lake-margins soft as moss. Here, too, in this so-called "land of desolation," I met cassiope, growing in fringes among the battered rocks. Her blossoms had faded long ago, but they were still clinging with happy memories to the evergreen sprays, and still so beautiful as to thrill every fiber of one's being. Winter and summer, you may hear her voice, the low, sweet melody of her purple bells. No evangel among all the mountain plants speaks Nature's love more plainly than cassiope. Where she dwells, the redemption of the coldest solitude is complete. The very rocks and glaciers seem to feel her presence, and become imbued with her own fountain sweetness. All things were warming and awakening. Frozen rills began to flow, the marmots came out of their nests in boulder-piles and climbed sunny rocks to bask, and the dun-headed sparrows were flitting about seeking their breakfasts. The lakes seen from every ridge-top were brilliantly rippled and spangled, shimmering like the thickets of the low Dwarf Pines.

G. O'Pioneers, Willa Cather

The following excerpt from Willa Cather's O'Pioneers describes the lifestyle of a pionerr woman in the West at the turn of the century. Consider her relationship with her family and with her environment. Apply the RSVP model to her lifestyle. What does her performance mean to you today?

When they went back to the kitchen the boys sat down silently at the table. Throughout the meal they looked down at their plates and did not lift their red eyes. They did not eat much, although they had been working in the cold all day, and there was a rabbit stewed in gravy for supper, and prune pies.

John Bergson had married beneath him, but he had married a good housewife. Mrs. Bergson was a fair-skinned, corpulent woman, heavy and placid like her son, Oscar, but there was something comfortable about her; perhaps it was her own love of comfort. For eleven years she had worthily striven to maintain some semblance of household order amid conditions that made order very difficult. Habit was very strong with Mrs. Bergson, and her unremitting efforts to repeat the routine of her old life among new surroundings had done a great deal to keep the family from disintegrating morally and getting careless in their ways. The Bergsons had a log house, for instance, only because Mrs. Bergson would not live in a sod house. She missed the fish diet of her own country, and twice every summer she sent the boys to the river, twenty miles to the southward, to fish for channel cat. When the children were little she used to load them all into the wagon, the baby in its crib, and go fishing herself.

Alexandra often said that if her mother were cast upon a desert island, she would thank God for her deliverance, make a garden, and find something to preserve. Preserving was almost a mania with Mrs. Bergson. Stout as she was,

* Reprinted from Willa Cather, O'Pioneers(Boston: Houghton,Mifflin Company, 1913), pp.28-30.

she roamed the scrubby banks of Norway Creek looking for fox grapes and goose plums, like a wild creature in search of prey. She made a yellow jam of the insipid ground-cherries that grew on the prairie, flavoring it with lemon peel; and she made a sticky dark conserve of garden tomatoes. She had experimented even with the rank buffalo-pea, and she could not see a fine bronze cluster of them without shaking her head and murmuring, "What a pity!" When there was nothing more to preserve, she began to pickle. The amount of sugar she used in these processes was sometimes a serious drain upon the family resources. She was a good mother, but she was glad when her children were old enough not to be in her way in the kitchen. She had never quite forgiven John Bergson for bringing her to the end of the earth; but, now that she was there, she wanted to be let alone to reconstruct her old life in so far as that was possible. She could still take some comfort in the world if she had bacon in the cave, glass jars on the shelves, and sheets in the press. She disapproved of all her neighbors because of their slovenly housekeeping, and the women thought her very proud. Once when Mrs. Bergson, on her way to Norway Creek, stopped to see old Mrs. Lee, the old woman hid in the haymow "for fear Mis' Bergson would catch her barefoot."

AMERICAN LIFESTYLES AND THE ENVIRONMENT: Volume III

PRESENT AND FUTURISTIC LIFESTYLES

prepared by

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1. INTRODUCTION: Getting at the Meaning of Lifestyles

Cervantes' remark, "Forewarned is forearmed," applies with equal validity today. We need to cope with the variety and rapidity of changes which are taking place, so that we will be adequately prepared to assume a responsible role in the future. Most students of contemporary society agree that changes will continue to confront Americans, as well as persons of all nations; the only unanswered question is whether that change will be planned or unplanned, manageable or unmanageable.

Today we are barraged with a continuous flow of information and images about the present and future. Many different lifestyles are suggested by the media, but we may not know how to sort among them in any systematic or creative manner, to choose our own style of living. We may see a documentary television program about monks in an American monastery one day, and read a magazine article about a rural commune the next. We might picture ourselves as future astronauts, hurtling through space in the confines of a rocket ship; or as pioneers in an undersea colony. The problem is that we have more options today than ever before. How shall we choose?

Some elements of our lifestyles tomorrow are already in clear view. We know, for example, that it will be more difficult to find solitude, "far from the madding crowd," in a world growing ever more populated. We can predict that clean air and water, abundant recreational facilities, open spaces and unprotected wildlife will be increasingly expensive and rare. With the advent of freeways and rapid transit systems, mobility and a faster pace of life have already become a reality for millions, who live in or near vast urban areas. Futurists tell us that technology will continue to change our lives in many ways, including everything from faddish gadgets to revolutionary new techniques such as biomedical engineering and computerized information systems. We will become acquainted with many more persons than our grandparents did, but it will be more difficult to find time for close, gradual friendships to develop, since our jobs and pleasure trips will keep us on the move. Living space will be defined more specifically as there will be less of it available per person; on the other hand, new materials and techniques may make housing far cheaper and more varied than it is today.

How can we become prepared for the environment which we must inhabit tomorrow? What new techniques can we develop to aid analysis and guide choice so that our lives may be rich beyond the wildest imaginations of a Spanish pirate on the Main? Let's first look at a four-way approach to studies of change and the future which may provide a framework for such analysis; then offer some specific comments on the use of literature to approach this problem of deciding.

One may divide the study of change and the future into four component parts, as follows:

A. Analysis of the way things are: Here we describe those elements

which are evident within the present lifestyles of Americans, just as some of the above description illustrates. When we have pointed out a share of what can be observed, we should determine our own personal feelings and values about aspects of those present day lifestyles. We should raise questions about the social norms which might be expressed regarding certain relatively recent aspects of modern living patterns, and attempt to reconcile our own feelings with these social norms. Society, for example, frowns on couples living together if unmarried, yet this custom is in fact increasingly common among contemporary American youth. As we consider the importance of our own priorities, and those of our "fellow Americans," we may gain some perspective on the problem of choosing and decision-making.

B. Analysis of the way I/others/society would like things to be: For several thousand years, men have been writing and arguing about utopia, or "the perfect life," as we often call it today. We can develop our own definitions of "the perfect life," and try to compare our definitions to mull over reasons for major differences in definition. Perhaps we could talk to other persons or do research into the ideals which have been presented through ethical and religious expressions, political statements and literary-artistic interpretations. We could even prepare position papers that seek to identify or relate their personal views of utopia with one or more "schools" of thought on what the ideal lifestyle should hold.

C. Analysis of the way things could be: This portion of the study involves determining the specific actions which an individual or group of individuals might take to change a lifestyle or pattern of living. It will require that we take a stand, to "vote with our actions." We should weigh the cost of various possible actions which might be undertaken. They should be given the opportunity to practice "dry runs" of potential activities within role-playing or simulated situations, followed by evaluations of the feelings and thoughts of both participants and observers. The class should confront the question, "Can our old institutions and approaches be stretched to deal effectively with the challenges of today and tomorrow? Can we put new wine in old wineskins, without the skins splitting apart?" This portion of the study should not be talk and practice alone, however; students should actually decide on, and take some action relating to their lifestyles and their community, country or world.

D. Analysis of the way things probably will be: This section asks students to learn about the future in a systematic, reasonably organized manner, after having worked through their own priorities and those of contemporary society, and after having recognized that they can make an input into what happens. Students should do research on predictions of the future, as those predictions relate to the lifestyles of each of us, individually and corporately. They should ask, as they study, how lifestyles will change in regard to the following specific areas:

1) Land use and environmental attitude
2) Defense activities of people (conflicts, agression, etc.)
3) Play activities of people (recreation patterns)
4) Economic activities (the nature of progress, etc.)

5) Family patterns and activities (How many children, who forms a family, who raises the kids, etc?)
6) Religious-ceremonial-belief structure activities
7) Learning and educational patterns

The goal of such a study, beyond assisting us to determine our own priorities and methods for choosing, is even more to open up to young people the combination of delight and terror which comprises man's immediate future, and to help and encourage them to become participants within that future. As the illustration of the model shown here suggests, it is at the point where present and future, the desirable and the actual meet that change actually occurs. If our students can gain insight into locating and manipulating these "crucibles of change," they will be able to make a significant impact on the world.

The unit which follows presents a series of fictional accounts of what America is today, and what it could become tomorrow. Some of the selections suggest happy, pleasant lifestyles, filled with creativity and warmth, while others posit conflicts and crises which make life miserable. The readings were selected to point up several key ideas:

1. One may choose his lifestyle if he knows how, or he may become locked into a rigid pattern that custom and ignorance will perpetuate;

2. Lifestyles are still, to a large extent, influenced by the environment--and the view of our environment which we hold;

3. Time and space relationships are not fixed; they change as man's perception of the uses of time and space vary;

4. Imagination may be a valuable tool when we attempt to confront a world not yet here--students should be encouraged, at least weekly, to let their creative fantasies take flight, just for practice;

5. The problems of tomorrow can, in many cases, be discerned today; with effective planning and action, we can avert the potential crises suggested in some of the readings.

2. Alternative Lifestyles

A. Life in Prison

What would your lifestyle be like if you lived in a prison? This is a question Eldridge Cleaver attempts to answer in this reading from Soul on Ice. Cleaver, a Black militant and brilliant intellectual, is clearly not typical of the typical prison inmate. Still, his impressions of life "inside" may be more relevant for our own understandings of prisons, and the way in which he organizes his time may raise some interesting questions for our own lives.*

Discussion Questions:

1. What restrictions are placed on the prisoner which would not apply to people on the "outside"?

2. What are some of the things which Cleaver can do with his "free time"? How does his attitude toward time differ from a non-prisoner's, based upon his environment?

3. What relationships are possible within the prison environment? How does that environment make relationships more, and less, honest and open?

4. What other kinds of prisons can you think of which people occupy? (These need not be formal jails as we usually think of them.)

5. If you lived in a prison, what would be your attitude toward space, time, and other persons? How would you organize your lifestyle differently?

A Day in Folsom Prison

*Reprinted from Eldridge Cleaver, Soul on Ice (New York: Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 1968), pp. 49-56.

B. The Life of a Modern Monk

Not many people think seriously of withdrawing from the "world" into a monastery or convent any more, although there still are individuals who do make that decision. In return for giving up all his worldly goods, the monk enters a life of physical labor, prayer, quiet hours of meditation, and a closely-knit brotherhood of fellow monks. Thomas Merton, a successful writer, chose the monastic life in the 1940's, and continued in it until his death in 1969. His autobiography, The Seven-Storey Mountain, and other works, raise a variety of issues which each of us might consider for ourselves.*

Discussion Questions

1. What patterns can be identified in the way the monks live at Gethsemani? How do such patterns differ from those in your daily life? What contribution can such patterns make to stabilizing or regulating one's life?

2. What are the main values of the monks, as Merton sees them? Are any of these values part of what we consider important in the "world"?

3. How much does Merton lose by entering the monastery? What does he give up? What does he gain?

4. How does Thomas Merton view his environment (both within and outside the monastery)? What difference do you think his lifestyle as a monk has upon his view of the environment (and the way he acts within the environment)?

5. What kinds of technological equipment do monks use? Does such technology break their close connection with the land? If not, why does technology have such an impact in other parts of modern society?

*Thomas Merton, A Thomas Merton Reader (Edited by Thomas P. McDonnell) (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1962).

1. "Prologue" from The Sign of Jonas (1953)
2. "In the Monastic Community" from Unpublished manuscript of The Seven-Storey Mountain (1948)
3. "Our Lady of Sorrows" from The Seven Storey Mountain (1948)
4. "If Ever There Was A Country..." from The Waters of Siloe (1949)

C. A Country Story

Although the majority of Americans live in or near large cities, amid the hustle and bustle of traffic, noise, pollution, "canned" entertainment, and all the other factors of the modern environment, some Americans still prefer life in the country. Jesse Stuart is a Kentuckian who has chosen to write about the special customs and lifestyles of people living in the hills of eastern Kentucky. His stories tell of the special perceptions these mountain folk have about nature; of their warmth and generosity; and of their special beliefs. The reading offered here is a good example of Stuart's work. As you read it, think about the questions which follow:*

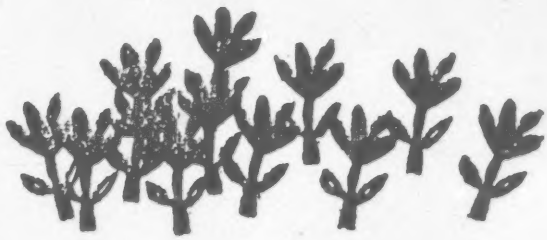
Discussion Questions:

1. What does this story suggest about the qualities of a good neighbor?

2. Which of his mother's attitudes toward nature appear to have made an important impression upon the little boy in the story? Why? How do those attitudes come out during their "walk in the moon shadows"?

3. How much can we learn about families and family living patterns from this story? In what ways are these patterns different from our own in urban-suburban America?

4. What does the story suggest about the attitudes and actions which make up life in your environment? Is there anything in the lifestyle of the mountain people which might help you make decisions about the way you want to live?



Walk in the moon shadows

*Reprinted from Jesse Stuart, "Walk in the Moon Shadows," Plowshare in Heaven (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1956).

D. The Death of a Salesman

Most contemporary Americans live in or near large towns or cities. Their jobs, family life, social relationships and attitudes are often unexciting, even flavorless. Few events occur in the life of the average American which could be called "world-shaking," yet the foundations of many lives are capable of being shaken by minor events. Arthur Miller's play, "Death of a Salesman," captures this modern lifestyle, and makes it personal by looking at Willy Loman and his family. Willy, a travelling salesman for most of his life, is faced with a past which he has reconstructed in his imagination. He is tormented with failure in himself and in his two sons, Biff and Happy. He longs for the small pleasures of an aging man--grandchildren, a garden, a pension, untroubled sleep. As you read the following selections from this play, try to answer the questions below:*

Discussion Questions:

1. How would you describe the man-made environment in which the Loman family lives?

2. From the readings, what would you say are the attitudes of the characters toward the natural and man-made environments? Do those attitudes affect their actions?

3. How did Willy and Happy justify their decision not to break out of their present lifestyle to seek a better one elsewhere? Were they happy with their decisions?

4. Think about your family, or the families of some of your friends. How different are their lifestyles from those of the Loman family? In what ways are they similar?

5. Is it easy to change habits and customs we have held for a long time? List several ways you could begin to change a habit? Do your methods promise likely success in changing?

*Reprinted from Arthur Miller, "Death of a Salesman" (New York: The Viking Press, 1949), pp. 12-17, 22-24, 41, 72-73, 79-82.

E. A Modern Communal Utopia

The desire to create an ideal society has stimulated many writers over the centuries to write utopian literature. Plato wrote the first detailed description of utopia in The Republic more than 2400 years ago. His ideal world was ruled by "philosopher-kings," whose wisdom would provide the Greek version of the "good life" for all. In the sixteenth century A.D., Sir Thomas More wrote Utopia, about an imaginary world in which men could live naturally and freely. The selections you are about to read are taken from a modern utopia by the psychologist B.F. Skinner, Walden Two. Skinner believes that human behavior can be motivated toward cooperation and group support in such a way that many people will be able to live together in an ideal setting. The novel's title is taken from Henry David Thoreau's Walden, the famous book of a century ago, in which Thoreau attempted to remove himself from the modern world, to get "back to nature." By attempting to combine behavioral psychology with the desire for simpler living patterns, Skinner has developed an interesting alternative lifestyle to the rush, tension, and competition of modern life. In the novel, several visitors (including the narrator) to Walden Two are touring the commune. Their guide, Frazier, was the founder of the community, and he does most of the talking.*

Discussion Questions:

1. What are some criticisms of modern life which emerge in these readings? Do you agree with the criticisms?

2. What alternative lifestyle is presented by the author? How do you think you would like living in a place like Walden Two? What else would you want to know before moving there?

3. The alternative lifestyle of the commune, even in utopian fiction, involves a certain attitude toward the natural world which is different from the attitudes normally found in our society. How would you describe the attitudes toward the environment held by people at Walden Two? In what specific ways are their actions shaped by this attitude?

4. Do the selections reprinted here motivate you to read the rest of the book? How do you feel about behavioral motivation such as we have used here? about the behavioral motivations used in Walden Two?

*Reprinted from B.F. Skinner, Walden Two (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1948), pp. 19-23, 75-79, 138-144, 198-199.

F. The Edict

A major contribution which science fiction often makes is to analyze the likely consequences of present-day lifestyles in a future setting. Sometimes, the imagined world of the future is a happier, more pleasant place, where people are able to express their creative talents, and where they are free from the struggle to provide decent shelter, adequate food and basic medical care for themselves and their families. But more often, the future society is seen as an unpleasant alternative to the present. In The Edict, the author foresees a world crowded beyond all limits, where the environment is simple unable to provide food or other necessities for even one more person. Privacy, open spaces, even trees and flowers, are all long-vanished luxuries. The "Edict" referred to in the title is a law passed by the world government, forbidding the birth of any children for the next thirty years. The penalty for violating the Edict is death for the baby and its parents. The story tells of the wish of one couple, Russ and Carole, for a real baby, not one of the robot replacements which the government offers. It raises some difficult questions for us to think about as we consider our own country, and the ways in which our lifestyles may be leading us into a nightmarish future.*

Discussion Questions:

1. How many different lifestyles can you identity in this reading? Are there more, or fewer choices in this vision of the future, than in our own society today?

2. How does it feel to be crowded into a tightly-packed elevator, or to share your classroom with two other classes for a film or other activity? Would you like to live that way all the time? Why or why not?

3. What do trees and plants do to our everyday world that you would miss, if they were not there? Can you think of any places where the trees and plants have vanished in our society? How do these places feel? How do they look?

4. What happens to the old people in the future world of The Edict? Do they like it? Would you like to live that way? How do we treat our old people in modern America? Do they like it? (How could you find out, if you don't know?).

5. What can we do in our present lifestyles to avoid the kind of future this reading predicts? Do we have an obligation to future generations?

*Reprinted from Max Ehrlich, The Edict (New York: Bantam Books, Inc., 1972), pp. 3-6, 45-47, 86-89.

G. The Space Merchants*

The novel from which these two readings have been selected was written before the first satellite was launched, before the space race between the United States and Russia, and long before any serious consideration of travel to Venus--a key element in this story--was given by scientists. Yet The Space Merchants presents a surprisingly familiar prediction of what life in the near future might become. The authors foresaw an America run by gigantic advertizing agencies which compete with one another for control of whole continents. The hero of this story, Mitch Courtenay, is an advertising executive for one of the corporations, Fowler Schocken Associates, who is given the job of planning an advertising campaign for the colonization of Venus. His work is sabotaged by a secret underground organization known as the "Consies," who are old-fashioned conservationists, and he is shanghied to work as a contract laborer in a Central American nutrient production plant. Here, he is exposed to all of the consequences of high-pressure advertising on ordinary consumers, and is invited to become a member of the "Consies." He joins, at first to escape his captivity in the factory, but later seriously accepts the consequences of a conservationist attitude toward life.

Discussion Questions:

1. What are the authors saying about the likely consequences of society as it is now--do they predict a pleasant world?

2. What does Venus represent for the advertising men? What does it reveal about their attitude toward Earth's natural resources?

3. Why would conservationists possibly have gone underground, as an opposition group? Is there any evidence today of "Consie"-type activity within our present world? (How about ecotage?)

4. What kind of attitudes toward nature (and consequent lifestyles) do you discover in this reading? Which attitudes and lifestyles can you associate yourself with most? Why?

*Reprinted from Frederik Pohl and C. M. Kornbluth, The Space Merchants (New York: Ballantine Books, 1953), pp. 12-16, 81-86.

The years immediately ahead will test this nation as seriously as any we have known in our history. We have plenty of debaters, blamers, provocateurs. We don't have plenty of problem-solvers. A relevant call to action would address itself to that complacent lump of Americans who fatten on the yield of this society but never bestir themselves to solve its problems, to powerful men who rest complacently with outworn institutions, and to Americans still uncommitted to the values we profess to cherish as a people.

-- John W. Gardner --